

ARTIE MONDALE

Award Show You Know
Whatever

What Happens When You Do Random Things

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Preface

Imagine a place. A place where everything is random.

And the place is that of an anarchy. Sprinkle that in with some people who are dumb.

You'll find it rather interesting here. Unless you want to keep your sanity.

It's the capital of the lunatic country. And it's seen as a degrading point in humanity.

The following story you'll read was all true. And it was really a sight to see.

Everyone had a good time there. And its memorability is that of a jamboree.

So come listen to my story. And you might wanna stick around for a lot.

And let me tell you the greatest and silliest event in school history.

-Artie Mondale

Slay Wheeler

It was March 7. Twas was a normal school day in the quiet town of Taylor; cold and uninteresting. As for that last part, that represented the sparsely populated town of Taylor pretty accurately, but that didn't apply to the town's greatest duo ever; Maggie Breckinridge and Andie Slay Wheeler. The two were very great friends and always had fun with each other. But today, they'd try something new, and maybe even exciting for them. It was a revolutionary idea that they had... it was an award show... in their little high school.

You see, Maggie and Andie both attended a very adrenaline packed class, and it was called period 8 Italian. They always enjoyed their time in the class, and made plenty of friends and memories there, such as William Truman and his drunkenness and randomness, Tyler Frelinghuysen and Arthur Nelson of the famous Super Sane Straw Sucking Showdown event, Schuyler and his son, Georgie

Ford, and plenty more. All of these and more prompted the two to create one hell of an award show for the world that they love, especially since this has been going on all year long by then.

So, out of respect for the class, the two decided to work with what they got and give everyone fancy awards for being themselves and creating the greatest universe that's ever been seen. And it all started like this...

Period 8 Italian ended for the day, with Mr. Johnson assigning the homework for the day, which was to prepare for the upcoming test. Andie grabbed his stuff, waltzed out the door, and waited for Maggie to arrive. And when she came out, he started to buzz some information.

"Hey Mag B," he started, "did you hear about the award show that's airing on TV tonight?"

"And which one would that be, Andie?" Maggie sarcastically replied. "You know there's hundreds, if not thousands, of award shows going on in the world, right?"

"I'm talking about Big Man Sean's super terrific award show silly. You remember we were talking about that for weeks on end, right? Besides, it's our annual tradition."

"Oh yea right. I forgot about that. Really looking forward to it."

The two kept on walking down the hall of the school all the way to their next-door houses, planning to meet up at Andie's at 8 PM sharp. When the two got to their homes, they couldn't wait to do their favorite tradition they've been doing for years.

A few good hours went by, but it was now 8 PM. Big Man Sean's award show was going to begin shortly. Both Maggie and Andie dressed up in extremely fancy attire with food and drinks galore. They tuned in to the show, their faces aglow with excitement and jolliness.

As the award show arrived at the halfway commercial break, Andie came up with one idea that'd make his and Maggie's lives so much more exciting and better.

"Hey Maggie," he started. "I just got one hell of an idea."

"Hold up now Andie," Maggie replied enthusiastically. "I think I know what you're talking about, and I know it's got something to do with Big Man Sean and his award show... we make our own parody."

Andie paused for a moment before picking up where he left off.

"Exactly, my pookie," he answered. "And for the sake of comedy, it's gonna be about our beloved Period 8 Italian class. Why? Because we both have a love for this class, and making an award show out

of it will show our appreciation. Hey, maybe some other specific folk like Mr. Johnson and Schuyler will like it as much as we do. Not to mention the memory is being preserved forever... so long as someone records it. But overall, the idea can work pretty well."

"I one-hundred percent agree with you on every last thing you said. But I, like Shakespeare would ask when rehearsing, how should we do it?"

"That's not of a concern right now. I want to continue watching Big Man Sean and his award show."

"Understandable."

So the two continue watching the entire show well into the wee hours of the night, clearly not getting tired of the same content as every other year... or at least before they passed out at 12:30 AM because the show ended and they gave up.

The next day, on March 8, which was a Saturday, the two spent their afternoon crafting up awards for the big show, and once again, the two met up at Andie's house to do their tomfooleries and goofs.

"Ok Maggie Breckin-Wreckin-Roll," Andie started. "Ready to get working on the award show?"

"As ready as I'll ever be, Andie Wheeler-Dealer," Maggie gleefully stated. I also have the papers we got so we can use them as tickets."

“That’s nice,” Andie added, “but I thought we were using paper plates for this.”

“Not only does it sound realistic, but it prevents us from getting copyrighted by Big Man Sean.. Or anyone as a matter of fact.”

“Ok Maggie, you do you Maggie. But do you have the other essentialistic materialistics Maggie?”

“Yes Andie, yes I have them all Andie. Let’s just get to work Andie.”

So the two merrily skipped on eagerly to Andie’s work and craft room, where the two became like mad scientists and began to brainstorm real hard.

“Ok Breckinridge,” Andie started. “Who are we working with for this event?”

“I got the Fords, Mr. Johnson, William, Gerald. Pretty much all the usual crew. Nothing special,” Maggie replied.

“Alright, so let’s think this one through really nicely, like how Big Man Sean would do it, and in case you’re wondering, that’s to use personality to determine awards.”

“Sweet idea Andie, but I’m beginning to question the legality of this. This entire idea of yours is nice, but sounds completely like we’re stealing from Big Man Sean.”

“Maggie Meyer Breckinridge, this is some small town where theoretically no one lives. Big Man

won't care what goes on here. Besides, it's a parody and is different. No offense or anything but you're being a bit cautious with this. I mean you literally scrapped the idea of using paper plates because of potential copyright. Just please calm down and let's work on this award show before we get carried away more than we already have."

Maggie nodded out of solemnity and agreed to not get carried away.

"Glad we could agree on something," Andie replied. "Now let's have some non-copyrighted fun."

The two stood silent for a while before they went back to their work. They shook hands and began their job.

"Ok... so, uhhh... when we gonna stop shaking hands?" Andie asked. Maggie then stopped and had an expression on her face that conveyed a message of sitting down and doing the work.

"So, who's gonna be getting what award?" Maggie asked.

"Simple," Andie replied. "We do it based on their personality and what they've done. I got a few of my own. For Mr. Johnson, we could say something about him being the best teacher ever... either that, or he just hates the class for being too mentally disabled. Henceforth, just give the man a break.

Wait, that's a potential award idea! Splendid!"

"Good job pookie! But what about everyone else?"

"Well good idea Mag. Let's think now..."

The two thought for a good while before Maggie decided what should be done for which person. After a long thought and giggling process of around half an hour, they came up with the following:

1. *Awesome hair that is soooo slay - Amy Quayle*
2. *I accidentally copied the look of the mayor - Harry Barkley*
3. *Please send help - Mr. Johnson*
4. *He will never see the pearly white gates up above, for he is too skibidi and concerning for them to see - William Truman*
5. *Dancing skills are soooo goddamn slay - Blaine Wallace*
6. *I didn't ask for this - Schuyler Ford*
7. *SLAY KING FR - Georgie Ford*
8. *I'm too intelligent for y'all, as I'm going to a damn good university - Amy Quayle*
9. *The Goat of the year - Gerald Chandler*
10. *Gymnast of all time - Blaine Wallace*
11. *I don't wanna be here since I wanna talk to my bf Drakey - Amy Quayle*
12. *Skibidi man - Harry Barkley*
13. *Greatest human being of all time - Mr. Johnson*

14. *The person who's likely to inherit some crap from a millionaire in the last five seconds of their life - William Truman*
15. *Pop stars are so slay - Blaine Wallace*
16. *Shut the f**k up you goddamn idiots from the pits of hell - Schuyler Ford*
17. *Man is so fruity it's funny... whatever that means - Georgie Ford*
18. *The hair stylist of all time no cap - Amy Quayle*
19. *I argue so much I could become a politician - Gerald Chandler*
20. *His eyes are so hot, slay, and fruity at the same time, and that's definitely not because William said so - Schuyler Ford*
21. *Best student we have - Blaine Wallace*

“Honestly,” Maggie started, “this came out pretty well, don’t you think?”

“I agree,” Andie remarked, “but there’s a possibility of a few problems. One, we don’t have some for ourselves, Arthur, or Tyler. Two, what if Mr. Johnson is absent on the day of the event? And three, this is too much for so few people.”

“Well OK then pookie. Here’s what we’re gonna do. We’ll do another brainstorming session, have one award per person, make one for the sub in case, and give Nelson and Frelinghuysen some love too.

Oh, and we don't need awards for ourselves. We're hosting this thing, and that's enough of an award as it is."

"What about their birthdays, Maggie?"

"Honestly Andie, good idea."

So after another brainstorming session gone by, this was the new list the duo came up with, alongside their birthdays:

1. *Greatest human being of all time - Mr. Johnson - June 18, 1970*
2. *He will never see the pearly white gates up above, for he is too skibidi and concerning for them to see - William Truman - November 9, 2008*
3. *The Goat of the year - Gerald Chandler - August 18, 2008*
4. *Gymnast of all time - Blaine Wallace - April 14, 2009*
5. *I don't wanna be here since I wanna talk to my bf Drakey - Amy Quayle - January 16, 2009*
6. *Skibidi man - Harry Barkley - October 8, 2008*
7. *Man is so fruity it's funny... whatever that means - Georgie Ford - February 14, 2009*
8. *His eyes are so hot, slay, and fruity at the same time, and that's definitely not because William said so - Schuyler Ford - January 4, 2009*
9. *TV show producer extraordinaire - Tyler Frel-*

inghuysen - April 16, 2009

10. *The Super Sane Straw Sucking Showdown champion forever - Arthur Nelson - May 4, 2009*
11. *Thanks for watching - the substitute - We don't know*

"It's perfect Andie," Maggie noted. "It's perfect. Our wonderful world coming together for the most beautiful finale of all time, more beautiful than Big Man Sean could do it."

"That's a bit bold of you to say Mags," Andie replied, "but I guess it works. Now here's my next question, when do we tell Mr. Johnson?"

"Not much of a concern at present, but we'll see where it goes. Anyways, it's getting late. It's 9:00 PM. Gotta head home now. Bye bye pookie bear Andie Andie."

"Bye bye pookie bear Maggie Maggie," Andie chubbily replied.

After Maggie left, Andie looked at all the awards, satisfaction written on his face.

"It's perfect," he said aloud. "This'll be fun, but I can't help but feel like it's all missing something."

He cut two more pieces of paper, them being awards for him and Maggie.

1. *Yap and laugh and nothing else - Maggie Breckinridge - December 28, 2008*
2. *We love you slay queen - Andie Slay Wheeler - March 7, 2009*

“Much better,” Andie sighed happily before hopping into bed, feeling rather tired of the day that has been.

A few days later, on March 13, it was another day in the period 8 Italian class. All the standard things were held. Another Italian lesson. Another ruined session of learning. Another day of William Truman and his posse saying weird things. Another day of Mr. Johnson raging out at the posse and others. Another day of laughing insanely hard. Another day of quote writing. Then after nearly an hour of goofy routines, the bell had finally rung. And when it did ring, Andie and Maggie were talking to each other for the courage to talk about the award show. During that conversation, Maggie was chosen as the representative for the two. She and Andie then gracefully went up to Mr. Johnson’s award-winning desk, and told him all about it.

“Ah, buongiorno Magdalena!” Mr. Johnson started. “Come stai?”

“Bene Prof, e tu?” she replied.

“Anch’io, grazie,” he reluctantly answered. “Anyways, what can I help you with?”

“Actually Prof,” Andie noted, “we, as in me and pookie bear Maggie, ask for your opinion on something.”

“Go forth.”

“So, you know this class, right? With all the weirdness and everything? As you know, me and Mags find it extremely funny and we love it a lot, so why not host an entire award show about it? One day when everyone’s here, we can all give out awards for the class to show our love, compassion, and consideration and make it a timeless classic.”

Mr. Johnson paused for a moment, taking it all in and considering whether it’d be a great idea to endorse this proposal or not.

“As painful, random, and diabolical this award show sounds, it actually sounds extremely funny. Can I ask when this’ll be taking place?”

“Well... we haven’t decided on a fixed date at the moment, but we’re thinking of doing it towards the end of the school year. Last two weeks or so, more specifically June 12.”

Mr Johnson’s face went from intriguing and gleeful to blank and potentially worrisome.

“As much as I’d like to participate in this fun and potentially recklessly concerning event, it’s with sadness that I inform you I won’t be here during

the last two weeks. The school mandates me to have an early leave so I won't be able to attend the show. I may be here on the last day of school, but that isn't guaranteed. Oh, and remember, I'm retiring this year, so this is it."

"Oh, well in that case, we'll write you an email with your award, and all can be happy. Oh, and don't worry Prof, we won't forget."

"Ah, that's wonderful. Have fun with it!"

"Oh we will. Oh, and quick question... who are the substitute teachers gonna be while you're gone?"

"Well if you remember the previous substitute, Mrs. Fillmore, then she'll be the sole substitute from my departure."

"Understood, Prof Johnson. Thanks for the note."

"You're welcome Maggie and Andie. Arrivederci!"

"Arrivederci, Prof!"

The two then left the class no problem, feeling rather good about what they were gonna do come June 12. Only thing they could do then was wait... a very long time... lord knows what'd happen during such a long waiting period...

Breckinridge

It was June 12. The day has finally come for which Andie and Maggie have been hyped up for; the period 8 Italian award show was finally here. The two arrived very early, and when the substitute, Mrs. Fillmore, was just sitting down.

“Please don’t tell me this is the day of reckoning,” she announced aloud.

“What do you mean the day of reckoning?” Maggie asked.

“You know exactly what I’m talking about Maggie. The award show.”

“Oh... why yes... yes, it is today.”

“Oh dear god, help us all,” Mrs. Fillmore sighed.

“What?” Andie asked. “Are you OK Mrs. Fillmore?”

“Why no, Andie,” she stubbornly replied. “No, I’m not OK. I heard from Mr. Johnson about this award show thing you’re gonna be doing, and, considering my previous experience with you all, only chaos will

ensue forth. Brace for mercy ragazzi.”

“Say Andie,” Maggie beckoned, “do you have the awards with you?”

“Oh shit!” he exclaimed. “I don’t have them!”

“What the hell are we gonna do?”

“Thank god,” sighed Mrs. Fillmore in the background, knowing what it meant.

“I mean,” Andie replied back, “I do have a picture of them so we can just send them all a picture of their award.”

“Or I could write them really quickly based on that picture,” noted Maggie.

“Slay slay queenie bear! Go with that!”

“Send food... please!” Mrs. Fillmore exclaimed and complained. “I really don’t wanna be here at all!”

As Maggie rushed out the room to remake the award, the first person to arrive was Andie and Maggie’s close friend, Blaine Wallace, who walked in as if it’d be a normal day.

“Hey slay fam,” she started. “It’s award show time!”

“Slay queen!” Andie replied.

He looked at her dress, all purple and glittery. But unfortunately for Mrs. Fillmore, the hosts and Blaine were the only three decently stable names, and as more people arrived, the further Mrs. Fillmore wanted to scream and do a mess hit and run, which was going through her mind at the

moment. She was also praying that Mr. Johnson was there to oversee it all instead of her.

The next student to join was Schuyler Ford, a more handsome fellow than most others, despite him wearing nothing special other than barely noticeable golden glasses. He was silent, as he always was, but was so silent he didn't even want to say hi to nobody. He just sat down in his assigned seat all slouched up and just played on his phone.

When Schuyler noticed the next student, Gerald Chandler, walk into the room, his lips didn't seem as depressed as they were when he walked in, but didn't change his overall gloomy mood, and that's despite their chill relations.

Gerald, like Blaine, was dressed fancy, but only because of his so-called godly title, King of the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom. His significant other, who served as queen of the land, Queen Marie Dole, was also attending alongside him, even though she wasn't part of the class. She arrived all fancy, her dress beating out the hosts and Blaine. Mrs. Fillmore was actually starting to think everyone annoying was absent, but she was very wrong about that, for the class complainer, Amy Quayle, was next to join.

"I want to see my Drakey-poo!" she complained.

"You can wait a goddamn period to see Drake!" Mrs. Fillmore suddenly blurted with rage. Unfor-

tunately, this was raised as Amy's response was to just have a fit all period and not care about anything. Sadly for the former, it only got worse with each student's arrival. Schuyler's son, Georgie Ford, was an example of that.

"Dad!" he quoted, clearly talking about his dad, Schuyler.

Schuyler heard his voice, but wasn't very happy to see him.

After Georgie's goofy entrance, Maggie returned to the room with all the awards rewritten.

"Took long enough, but I did it," she sighed.

"Slay queen!" Andie replied.

Next to join the party were the two goofballs, Harry Barkley and his best friend, Bill Cass, with the latter being referred to as Big Ass Bill.

"Hey Skibidi Sigma gangsters from the hood," the two chanted.

"We just came back from getting lost in the woods with the hood and doing silly things beyond your comprehension," Bill added.

Both Gerald and Mrs. Fillmore put their heads down in shame, knowing what was going on today.

Next up were Arthur Nelson and Tyler Frel-inghuysen, two good pals who were loud and liked to have fun.

"What's good in the hood brothers?" Tyler said while greeting everybody.

Arthur was licking his lips and making slurping noises.

And as soon Tyler sat down next to the last one to walk into the room was the class clown and star of the class, William Truman.

"I got jumped by the street people on the way here!" he jokingly noted.

People started laughing at what he said, with Andie and Maggie starting to go on their computers to write some stuff down on their quote chart, their faces turning red from laughing hard.

"Oh good god help me," Mrs. Fillmore thought to herself, her frustrated face conveying those thoughts.

Then afterwards, Maggie and Andie, who have been eagerly waiting for everyone to arrive, were finally confident to start up what they've wanted to do; host the show that they'd love to host the most. The bell had rung, implying that it was time to proceed forth. They walked up to Mrs. Fillmore, kindness and uncontrollable, shaky excitement in their posture and voice.

"Excuse us Mrs. Fillmore," Andie started.

"No, just go," Mrs. Fillmore uneasily replied. "Please go host before I lose it and have a mental breakdown."

And so, while keeping Mrs. Fillmore's unhappy mental state in mind, the two finally went up to the

podium to host the show.

"Everyone listen up," Mrs. Fillmore eerily announced. "Your friends have something to say... or do, whichever."

Everyone stopped what they were doing and tuned in to what Andie and Maggie had to say.

"Ladies, gentlemen, and all those in between," Maggie happily started, "Welcome one and all to the greatest thing you'll ever see in your life; the official Period Eight Italian award show!"

Some of the people, such as Schuyler, Blaine, and Tyler started clapping in cheer, with the rest of the class, including Mrs. Fillmore, joining in the noise later, before dying down quickly.

"Ah-ah, thanks for the applause you immature goobers," Andie jokingly stated. "Anyways, in response to us loving this class so much because of all of your actions, big or small, we decided to come together towards the end of the year and host the greatest thing this class has ever had... or ever done."

"So," Maggie restated, "with that brief blurb out of the way, let's get straight into the show by handing out the awards. When we call your name, come up and get your award."

"You hear that William?" Mrs. Fillmore asked. "Did you hear what Andie and Maggie said?"

"Yes m'lady," the goofy William answered. "I do

eat microplastics on a daily basis. And you? Do you eat microplastics too?”

After that, Mrs. Fillmore just sighed, facepalmed herself, and gave Andie and Maggie a face that gave off *‘just do this before I lose it’* vibes. In response to reading that face, they began to go.

“Alright everyone,” Maggie proclaimed. “It’s time for the award handing ceremony. First up, we’d like to give a special and in-advance thank you to Mrs. Fillmore, who will be overseeing this event, and also put up with you guys in the past so many times. Hasn’t broken down mentally oddly enough, so we’ll give extra applause where possible. Now, we award her with the *‘thanks for watching’* award.”

“Well damn,” Mrs. Fillmore replied as she received this unexpected gift, “This isn’t what I expected from y’all. Didn’t expect you guys to care about me that much. Thank you very much for this treat. This class ain’t so uncivilized as I once thought.”

“Well don’t get your hopes up Mrs. Fillmore,” Andie whispered, “for we have more, uh... goofier people to thank, so there’ll be more cringe moments to come.”

“Next up,” he continued, “we have a student who is noted for being mad loud, too high for their own good, the king of t-posing, and creator of a mini TV show about us. It’s Tyler Humphrey Frelinghuysen

with the *'weird TV show producer man'* award!"

"Well well well," Tyler surprisingly stated as he stood up, "looks like my work paid off for this class. Thank y'all much for the nomination."

He went up to Maggie, who had his award, shook her hand, and sat back down.

"Next up, we have a student who is noted for being famous, defendable, powerful, and just downright strong. It's King Gerald Weitzel Chandler of the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom with the *'Goat of the year'* award!"

"Wow," Gerald responded, "How fortuitous. I do suppose that this could be wonderful, but it feels wrong to accept an award coming from a class like this. But whatever, throw my cares away! Thank you Breckinridge and Slay Wheeler for this grand opportunity."

"Next up, we have a student who is noted for their talents in the arts of dancing, poetry, fashion, and fun. It's Blaine Herbert Wallace with the *'Gymnast of all time'* award!"

"Slay Andie. Love you pookie queen!" eagerly replied Blaine.

"Next up, we have a student who is noted for being way too depressed, extremely tired, being a very good father figure, and one with the art of speaking. It's Schuyler Mikhail Ford Jr. with the *'his eyes are so hot, slay, and fruity at the same time'* award! And

that's definitely not because William said so."

Schuyler, unlike his predecessors, didn't say a single word, still in disbelief of being here and attempted to zone out the stupidity. He ran to the podium, snagged his award, and sat down like nothing happened.

"Next up, we have a student who is noted for being the master of sucking and touching things, being our class DJ, and is also known for representing our tiny town of Taylor in the sports realm. It's Arthur Clay Nelson with the '*The Super Sane Straw Sucking Showdown champion forever*' award!"

"Great googly moogly, dear skibidis," Arthur noticeably replied while making a surprisingly good slurping noise, "This award is so skibidi it makes me wanna get carjacked. Just make sure no one finds out about the thing William's great-great grandfather did way back when."

"Next up, we have a student who is noted for having a wicked sense of humor, extremely great companionship, a kind heart, and someone who's always looking forward to this class for a quick fifty laughs a day, no cap. It's Maggie Meyer Breckinridge with the '*Yap and laugh and nothing else*' award!"

"I never remembered us having awards, but that doesn't matter. Thank you Andie Wandie! I love you very much!" Maggie chubbily stated. "And with that, my dear friends, it's my turn to declare my awards

for this class. So let's go! First on my list is a good friend that is loyal to the end, always quick to lend a hand, always quick to give me a smile, and is just like me when it comes to this class... which is a great enthusiast. I hereby present the '*We love you slay queen*' award to my good friend Andie Marshall Slay Wheeler!"

"AAAAHHH," Andie yelled with a high pitched voice, "Love you so much Mag B! You slayed queen! Love you love you love you, my dearest pookie!"

"Also," Andie added in private, "I added those awards for ourselves so we don't look bad for everyone."

"The next nominee isn't really so well known among our kin, but still, let's celebrate the person, the person who is a good gardener, one for the arts of fashion, and puts their boyfriend first before us for every reason ever. This person that we congratulate is none other than Amy Cheney Quayle. Congratulations Quayle!"

"Allo. I ain't no fan of this class," Amy stated, "but I sure do hope this goes on my resume for university, especially when Drakey finds out about this. Grazie Maggie!"

"We got another person on the list that we have yet to talk about. This surprise star has been noted for being a goofy little homie, one to break down so-called Skibidi Drake style, attempted to get himself

adopted after breaking all their house windows and doors and running away afterwards, and making the toilet explode with the massive power of the 9 month expired super spicy salsa sauce he found in the nuclear facility, and somehow still living. For this near-death experience, we congratulate Harrison Francis Barkley for this unexplainably interesting humor.”

“When I was approximately 0 years old,” Harry randomly yapped, “I was blessed by being born on a rollercoaster near the hood in the alleyway. I did this every year until I turned 10, when I never got to pay my taxes on time because the town hall committee never listened to my mentor as to why they should cut vegetables with scissors. The clothes were hung wrong in my house. How fortuitous is that, my fellow Long Snake Drake adorers?”

“And obviously, as we all know, we can’t talk about Harry without talking about his good pal. This so-called good pal is a funny misbehaving son, noted for slurping on that juice, fighting crime in the alleys, and somehow being able to be featured in the movie *Blackberry*. And this son I speak of is none other than Georgie Gamaliel Ford, and I applaud you for your insanely fruity acting, speaking of which... your award is ‘*Man is so fruity it’s funny... whatever that means*’, which, as it suggests, has no known meaning.”

“Dad!” Georgie exclaimed. “Dad! I did it! I got my free award for committing stupid! Can I get some slurpy wurpy juicy juice after school please?”

“And finally, the last one on this list is a pretty obvious one. They make this class all the more enjoyable, have gone to the office 0 times for their heroic work, keep doing random things that we, except Chandler and Schuy Ford, all love, and can relate to him being so out of pocket. To wrap this whole show up, I proudly declare our class’ very own, William Harding Truman, the greatest award we can ever bestow, and it’s called the *‘He will never see the pearly white gates up above, for he is too skibidi and concerning for them to see’* award. Highest of congratulations William!”

“Mr. Johnson was at my house the other day!” William suddenly proclaimed. “He said that he was gonna throw a surprise party for me for getting 12% on a test, and when I mean by surprise party, I mean by he’d jump me, deport me, and report me to the principal, Rizzy Roman!”

“And with that out of the way friends, our part of the award show is now done! Than–”

“Hell heckin’ no it ain’t!” interrupted Bill, furious from no compliment. “I didn’t get no award at all, let alone a goddamn mention, and if I recall correctly, neither did Marie Dole! What the hell are you running here? Like honestly, whrrrattado

to deserve this?”

“Well Bill Salem Cass,” Mrs. Fillmore suddenly replied, “you barely showed up to class, and when you did, you were t-posing on desks, jumping off them like the circus, which is where you work by the way, and you’re also infamous for being the town-renowned Thugshaker King. What do you have to say for yourself now, Wilfred Salem Cass?”

He didn’t reply back, in worry of being exposed further.

“That’s what I thought,” Mrs. Fillmore huffed.

“Well...” Maggie chimed, “that was awkward... Anyways, now it’s time for your part of the show.”

“Y’all can now come up and make your speeches, and that’s because we’ve obviously yapped too much as it is,” added Andie.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” Harry enthusiastically announced into the air. “I wanna go! I wanna go! I wanna go!”

“Sure thing Harry,” both Andie and Maggie stated together. “Let’s see your slay skills.”

“I ain’t gonna survive this Gerald, will I?” Marie asked.

“Go get a drink and don’t come back for a good heckin while,” Gerald answered, “for it’ll save you from the brainrot you’ll see soon... or never.”

“Yo, Harrison,” Tyler asked. “Mind if I record this?”

Harry nodded at him as he went up to the podium

to start making his great unplanned speech whilst his neighbor, Mrs. Fillmore, just put her head down on the table, trying to tune out Barkley's voice. And with Tyler giving him the thumbs up notice that he started recording, Harry officially began to speak.

Barkley

“Ladies... with gentle hands,” Harry said with a silly smile on his face.

People started laughing at what he said, knowing very well that there’d be a hilarious awakening coming their way.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Mrs. Fillmore replied, trying to re correct what Harry had just said.

She was clearly pissed and didn’t want to be here for the event. But after the little chuckles subsided, Harry resumed with his statement, with great pride written in his voice.

“I am thrilled to share... the delightful experiences... of our Italian classroom!”

Everyone started to clap and cheer with great enthusiasm and excitement in their movements. Georgie was clapping his hands on the table and Maggie started clapping.

“Yes sir,” Tyler happily stated. He was also clapping along with Maggie.

After the applause, Harry once again resumed with his speech.

“It was all of us,” he quoted, “that managed to make this classroom truly stand out against the rest of them.”

He then thought about what he could say next, then resumed.

“Now.. let’s talk about the certain individuals... who were in this classroom... that made this class special.”

Harry then spun his head around the room, which created a sense of mystery as to who he’d praise first. He then stopped and looked directly at Tyler, who was laughing rather ominously, as shown on his smile.

“Straw Sucker Tyler!” Harry exclaimed with enthusiasm.

“Hooray!” Tyler yelled excitedly. Never had he thought he’d be chosen by Harry himself, let alone even being mentioned in the first place.

“His passion for Italian culture knows no bounds. He brought an energy to the classroom that was both contagious and invigorating.”

“Oh,” said William, clearly unimpressed.

“Whether we were conjugating verbs or exploring Italian history, his enthusiasm never wavered.

Now...”

He then paused for a minute, with the class falling silent, spare for Maggie and Andie laughing in the background.

“What?” Tyler asked, tired of the silence.

“Big Ass Bill,” Harry answered.

After Bill was mentioned, the whole class started cracking up with laughter.. that is, except for Mrs. Fillmore, who was clearly pissed off with Barkley.

“The way he smiled made the world complete,” said Harry with a somber tone.

“Yeah!” agreed Georgie, knowing Bill’s impact on the class.

“Awwww,” Maggie replied, knowing how well Barkley and Bill got along.

“I may not have won an award today, but Big Baddie Daddie Barkley’s statement on me sure as hell counts as an award,” Bill noted. “God bless your badass skills, Harrison Francis Barkley.”

As Bill finished his statement, Georgie started to cry the class a river of tears.

“I’m crying!” he exclaimed.

“Then..,” Harry stated again, “Swaggity Swaggity William.”

“I’M GAY!” William yelled.

After William said that, the whole class was really

cracking up. Tyler almost fell out of his chair, Maggie and Andie started laughing harder than they ever have before, and Harry almost tripped off of the podium. As for Gerald and Mrs. Fillmore, they weren't really too stunned, but rather the opposite; ashamed, annoyed, and confused.

"Thanks for coming out, now shut up," said Mrs. Fillmore, who was more pissed off than before.

After his short comedic stunt, Harry resumed with what he'd comment on about William, but not before Georgie moaned once for extra kicks.

"Swaggity Swaggity William here can be noted for trying to take down Chandler with his evil tower. He... did not succeed."

"Oh," William replied, forgetting that he even failed in the first place.

After he said that, Gerald stood up from his chair, very proud and boldly, clearly rubbing his victory in William's stupid and defeated face.

"But," Barkley boldly stated, "he did teach us a valuable lesson... in how.. you should not be evil... and that... you should not cut."

"Oh," William stated again.

And after one of William's iconic statements was stated, Harry decided to make yet another ridiculous statement, this time, this person being Arthur Nelson.

“Uhhh... Arthur!” he announced.

“Huzzah!” Tyler proclaimed.

“You mean the Illuminati?” asked Georgie, obviously joking.

“Ah. Absolutely. Arthur Clay Nelson...” Harry noted, “Arthur here can be noted for his curses cutting through the night, and his great interest in competing in the best event in both the history of this class and in the world; The Super Sane Straw Sucking Showdown. His intense devotion to winning is beyond compare. Sorry Tyler.”

Tyler mostly shrugged and just seemed to be fine with it, judging from his very neutral look. Barkley then continued again with more of his statements.

“Father Schuyler,” he declared.

To Harry’s surprise, unlike Tyler, William, and Arthur, who received some form of congratulations, Schuyler got nothing but silence. He himself had nothing to say.

“Oh my god! Listen up you guys!” Amy announced excitedly. “My boyfriend is on his way over to visit!” No one listened.

“The silence is wild,” Tyler stated with laughter in his voice.

And after Barkley’s unusually long and awkward silence, he resumed once more.

“Father Schuyler is a very well known figure in our

classroom, especially with his son Georgie,” he said. “His mature perspective and experiences enriched our discussions, and provided depth and context that we might’ve missed.”

And while Barkley was going on and on about Schuyler, other students started to rise up and talk.

“Can you shut up?” Arthur asked. He was clearly a bit annoyed with Barkley since he wouldn’t shut up, even after he got praised by him as the ‘*Super Sane Straw Sucking Showdown Champion of the Year of the Week*’.

“Daddie Schuylie?” asked his son Georgie. “Daddie Schuylie?”

Amongst the chatter from the comrades, and from Arthur’s complaint, Harrison still had the nerve to talk.

“His thoughtful questions... and his thoughtful comments...” he started, “sparked... uh... lively debates.”

As he was talking, Georgie was still trying to communicate with his dad.

“Dad?” he bellowed. “Dad? Daddy? Daddy? Daddie Schuylie? Daddie Schuylie? Daddie Schuylie? Masculine overlord Schuyler Mikhail Ford Jr?” The more he spoke, the more anger rose in his voice.

“Now everyone,” Harry announced, “it is time. It is of my greatest honor... to praise, discuss, and salute

our iconic classroom hero. Now, The Great King Gerald Weitzel Chandler VII of the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom and its Tower.”

Everyone started clapping at the mention of King Chandler... except Mrs. Fillmore, whom, judging by her face, was very confused with what was going on.

“The hell’s wrong with this class? She thought to herself. “And why the hell was I the unfortunate one to put up with these goobers? This is truly a load of crap.”

“Erm... What in the actual hooting hollering damn sigma?” Tyler thought while looking at Mrs. Fillmore. “Why in the hell is Mrs. Fillmore not praising the ruler of the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom? Is this a damn joke or what? Like for real, just praise the man already.”

Gerald stood up from his chair and bowed down to his fellow comrades, while Harry was pulling out a miniature flag of King Gerald’s homeland; the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom.

“Yea! Do a flip!” Georgie and Amy yelled excitedly.

“Friends, subjects, and miscellanea,” Harry stated, “it is with great pleasure to honor the legacy of the greatest icon in Period Nine Italian history; King Gerald Chandler VII. It is truly safe to say that The Honorable here hath inspired all of us.”

“Oh my god,” Mrs. Fillmore sarcastically replied while cutting Harry off.

“From his skibidiness... to the rizziness emulating from his pores of power,” Harry noted. “And, personally... he’s...”

He then paused for another moment.

“He’s autistic?” William asked.

“He’s my daddy!”

King Gerald’s expression went from a gloated and smug smile to nothing but pure and blank neutrality. He wasn’t very surprised that someone like Harrison Barkley would make such a ridiculous yet somewhat enjoyable statement.

“Oh yeah definitely,” Amy added. “Absolutely no one is even remotely surprised, especially since you brought in an adoption certificate to class one time. Though I will admit, you’re rather nonchalant about it.”

Amy was planning to say more, but got hit by William with Bill’s chair before she could do anything. Tyler was watching with great enthusiasm, recording every last minute of it.

“Screw you Willy Willy. I’m going home” Bill exclaimed in frustration.

“Oi, Barkley!” he said. “William is weally committing aswualt on Amy fow no weason.”

The way Tyler said what he said was rather unusual for him, and Maggie asked if he was OK.

“Through everything Harry has said today Maggie,

I'm getting 500 different strokes in one go. And honestly, I'm enjoying it minute by minute," he replied.

To Tyler's surprise, Harry didn't listen, instead he continued to center his focus on jabbering all day long, but after being satisfied with talking about who he wanted to talk about, he talked about his own experiences from period 8 Italian.

"Now," he started off with, "that's enough with the people. Now it is time to share the unforgettable experiences from this sacred shrine of a classroom. Here's our first unforgettable incident from this place."

"Shut the goddamn hell up you off brand talk show host!" Arthur proclaimed with his rude voice. "You're really not him. You hear me little shit? You're... not... him!! Oh, and better yet, you never will be him! Never have been either."

After the sudden intrusion of thought, Harry resumed yet again, much to the dismay of Arthur, who was now murmuring to himself on how he wants this award show to end faster.

"So... uhhh..." Once again, Harrison paused as a result of his train of thought being halted at Arthur's buffers. He then resumed with a constant flow of steadiness in his tone, resulting in a more subtle act, while also trying to hide his laughter; something he

could never do.

“As I was saying,” he restarted, “there were many unforgettable events that happened in this Italian classroom. And one of them... involved yours truly... being covered in mayo.”

As per the usual standards of Harrison Francis Barkley, the class started cracking up once again. After both laughing too hard and his earlier ‘500 strokes’ statement to Maggie, Tyler officially fell off the chair, resulting in him passing out for a brief moment. Meanwhile with King Gerald, formerly just unentertained, actually chuckled a bit, which was a nice change compared to what happened just moments before.

“Good job,” he sarcastically replied.

“Shortly after I destroyed all of my devices in the sus, deadly, and even mysterious liquid known as apple sauce,” Harry continued, “I had the unfortunate displeasure to hear about King Gerald’s trouble with the invading Gobbly Wobblies from the Kingdom of the Super Sigma Glizzy Rizzlers, and more specifically, The Honorableness’ tower being raided by them. Not to mention, this whole damn classroom was being invaded by them, and hell, the Gobbly Wobblies even went as far to attempt to assassinate the man himself.”

And for no given reason, despite not being related to a single thing Harrison said, Georgie just decided

to blurt out random nonsense; only it wasn't random, but rather wholesome.

"We love you, Amy!" Those were Georgie's famous words. Harry also replied with the exact same kindhearted statement.

"What?!" William exclaimed with all sorts of emotions within his tone.

He was rather dumbfounded with the quote that just left Harry's lips, but then decided not to take it again.

Meanwhile, Tyler, who had just woken up from passing out and just got up to sit down, laughed very hard once again, which made him fall on the ground again.

"I waited all day for this moment, and it was truly worth it, even if I passed out and got 500 different strokes in one go." he stated whilst lying on the ground. "As for the lore of Amy, it just got expanded. Very expanded."

After Tyler was done talking, the door opened, and a voice was heard.

"Oh yea baby... the lore sure just got expanded..."

Everyone, especially Mrs. Fillmore, looked at the now cracked door, and saw a shadow near it. The shadow got bigger and started to enter the class. The person's shadow that walked in was Amy's boyfriend and class favorite, Drake Garner, who, in the class,

was referred to as Long Snake Drake.

His arrival was that of a welcome one, dabbing up Barkley, Tyler, Georgie, and kissing his girlfriend Amy. William, who was always a good friend of Drake's, wasn't really excited to see him this time.

Harry, then happy to see Drake, decided to end his speech off with this.. "While this classroom may have seemed like a disaster, it was truly a lesson for all of us," followed by.. "Now, raise your voices high..."

"Oh," Mrs. Fillmore and Amy said at the same time.

"Help. Me. Please," Mrs. Fillmore thought to herself, knowing that something was definitely going to happen.

What happened next was a true chatter moment in the class.

"AAAAAHHHHH!" Tyler yelled. His voice cracked in the process, cutting him off.

"I love this class!" Maggie happily added.

"This class is mad stupid!" Blaine declared.

"I smoke crack!," Drake openly admitted.

"This class.. is... uh... a thing," King Gerald stated whilst pausing for a brief bit.

"This class.. Makes me... uh.. happy, I guess." Maggie stated again.

"This class makes me..," William started. "This class makes me.. This class makes... me...," he then

paused before he spewed out his raspberry fent swirl geek flavored soda everywhere where he was sitting.

"This class makes me wanna bust," Georgie admitted.

"Oh lord... Uh... all logic is thrown out the damn window. It's very obvious, and none of y'all can convince me otherwise," King Gerald stated again.

"Imma skibidi all over the place," Drake announced with a great, wide grin littered with excitement on his face.

"Y'all might be insane," Maggie announced, "But honestly, this is the one of the only classes I have ever looked forward to."

"Stop the cap Maggie," thought Tyler, "Just stop it lil bro. You might be over-exaggerating it."

"Mr. Ford, why do you look so down today?" Barkley asked, to which he got no reply.

"Good lord-o-mighty," Mrs. Fillmore thought to herself. "I know this was a weird class, but damn this is weirder than I thought. Everyone is acting crazy, feels like I went into a church, and like Gerald said, no one has sanity. Not to mention that this 'Long Snake Drake' character is here. Weird world we live in."

"Well, Maggie Breckinridge," King Gerald stated, "if you're happy, then I might as well be too."

While there was plenty of chatter going on throughout the room, the award show hosts, Maggie and

Andie, and their friend Blaine, decided to come together and decide to do their own speech.

“Can we go up and make our own speech?” asked Maggie to Mrs. Fillmore.

Tired of the nonstop talking from who she now called ‘Barking Barkley’, and in hopes of a not so crazy reaction from the general populace, Mrs. Fillmore gave the trio approval to come on up and do their speech.

As they got up, the school’s vice principal, the Damned Diddler, called Barkley and Big Ass Bill to go home early since they’re cool and they can 100% do that.

“Oh hell yeah Biggie Booty Billie!” Barkley exclaimed. “It’s time for Daddy Diddler’s Dramatic Departure!” The two were over the moon to head on out.

“Bye bye Barkley Boy!” Tyler said to Harry.

“Bye bye to your mommy too!” William announced, attacking Tyler in the process.

“Boy what in the actual hell?!” Tyler replied back, with complete disgust splattered all over his face.

As Maggie and her friends were getting up to prepare their holy speech, Drake had the audacity to go up to them and tell them this.

“I shall skibidi all over the place whilst you speak because I am Long Snake Drake and I can do that,”

he proudly quoted.

Maggie, who was expressing heavy confusion on her face, took her lollipop, held it like a sword, and hit Drake with it.

“Oh my god. You hit Drake!” Amy yelled at Maggie in both shock and anger.

“You idiots!” Bill replied back.

Maggie stopped walking and just stared at the two. She was clearly not amused with them, thinking that they’re overreacting.

“Guys. *It is really not that deep*,” She thought to herself with moderate inconvenience. And while that was happening, other things were simultaneously taking place.

Since they were leaving, Big Ass Bill and Barkley took the somehow-wounded Drake to the nurse, and Mrs. Fillmore shushed everyone so Maggie and friends could talk.

The hosts then went up to the podium, and began the best speech they’d ever say in a public setting.

Wallace

“**A**hem, ahem, and ahem!” Maggie proclaimed. “*Oh hell no,*” Tyler thought to himself. “*This one surely ought to be a sappy suck show for the ages. Seriously, you already did what you did, so quit it.*”

“Oh hell no Baddie Wreckinridge!” William furiously stated. “You ain’t making me do shit!”

“Hahaha... holy Jesus,” Tyler commented, not knowing what’d happen next.

Then, William gasped at what just happened before his own eyes. “Amy, you broke the goddamn bell.”

“No I didn’t!” She replied back with an anxious tone.

“Ahem, ahem, and another ahem!” Maggie proclaimed again, this time getting a bit rude.

“You guys know what to say, right?” she quietly asked Andie and Blaine.

“Yep we do,” they replied.

"I'm gonna make this as Period Eight Italian core as possible!" Andie added.

"Ok, good," Maggie answered.

"Ruhhhhhhhh," Schuyler groaned, trying to get everyone to shut up.

"Wait a minute," the formerly silent Mrs. Fillmore asked. "When Mr. Diddler shows up, does that mean both Harry and Bill leave early? I know Barkley does but since when did Cass get the pass to do that?"

"Yea they leave together sometimes," Tyler replied. "Happens once a week... at least for Bill."

"Actually, now that you bring it up Tyler," Amy blurted out, "I got to leave early as well. I forgot to leave with Barkley and Bill."

"Yea me too," William added. "Oh, and by the way, we're just some autistic folk who are very disabled and have special needs, and our special need from us to you, Mrs. Fillmore, is to let us go early."

Both parties, clearly lying, were packing up their stuff, getting ready to walk out the door.

"Hell no you do not," Mrs. Fillmore replied, her face turning peach colored. "Neither of you two are going anywhere early."

She got off of her chair and walked up to Amy.

"Look, Amy," she started peacefully, "I know you want to see your boyfriend Drakey Drakey... or was

it Daddy Drake or Mr. Drakey-Poo? Y'know what, I'm getting off topic! Point is, I know you want to see him at the nurse, but you gotta do the following; let him rest for a bit and stay until the end of class. Think you can do that for me and Ding Dong Drake? Damn it, I did it again. Point is, can you hang on for a bit?"

"Awww man...", Amy replied with a hint of melancholy in her response. "Ok... fine. I'll stay, even if it kills me."

"Amy, you do remember we go on the small bus after school, right?" urged William.

"William, you do remember that you're a big ass liar, right?" Mrs. Fillmore replied back.

"No he ain't," Georgie declared, backing William in the process. "Trust me, I know what he's talking about. We once met there all those years ago... in an intimate way of course. Just kidding. But still, he does indeed take the small bus."

"No one asked you, Georgie Ford of Ridiculously Righteous Rascals," responded Amy. "You're acting like you go with us on the bus, which you don't, so don't act so high and fancy."

"Actually William, I got a better idea instead of calling you a big ass liar," Mrs. Fillmore added. "Instead of me calling you a big ass liar, I'll let Principal Rizzy Roman call you that. Oh, and don't worry, I'll still call you a big ass liar whilst I write

you up and call Mr. Roman.”

“Whrrrattado?” William asked, using his famous catch phrase to add some humor to the situation he was in. He was clearly being stupid once again.

“Hol’ up now, Mrs. Fillmeupmore,” Georgie commented. “How come you were generous to Amy but not Swaggity Swaggity William?”

“Probably because he knows damn well he hath committed skibidi,” Tyler grumbled. “Besides, he is part of the Expert Skibidi Gooners Club for Edgers with Long Snake Drake. Makes sense when you think about it.”

While this was going on, Maggie and friends were just waiting patiently, laughing along with the class they loved, but they were getting a bit tired of waiting.

“Can we give our speech please?” she asked out loud, to which it felt like she asked nobody.

“Wait, actually... I think we can wait.”

“Ok, you know what?” Mrs. Fillmore roared, her face turning volcano red and voice acting like a work whistle. “I’m just gonna drop this shitshow of a situation! Just do what you want now because now I just don’t give a damn!” She stormed to her seat shortly after.

After this near meltdown, Amy, William, and Georgie went silent and sat back down. She then

gave Maggie full approval to start talking.

“Ok...” she started. “I don’t know why, but–” she said before being cut off by Georgie.

“William, you beast of burden!” he firmly voiced. “Go back to where you came from!”

Immediately after he said that, he jokingly moaned again.

Meanwhile, William was standing next to Maggie as if he was gonna make a statement, to which he didn’t.

“Ok...” said Maggie, who resumed her speech. “I don’t know why, but for some reason, at the beginning of the year, I didn’t like this class.”

“Oh hey, I remember this one!” William replied. “I remember when I didn’t like you either!” Everyone started laughing once again.

“But, it wasn’t until me and Andie started writing and keeping track of–” she quoted before getting cut off.

“You idiots making me mad suicidal! a now heartbroken Amy said while weeping. “I hope y’all know that!”

“Uhhh... OK then? Sorry?” Maggie stated in a questioning tone. “But anyways, me and Andie were writing all of the quotes and things y’all have done, and we’ve enjoyed it very much!”

While she was finally able to finish two complete sentences, William was doing things that were deemed as normal for standards, but this time, it was just plain disrespectful, as plenty of people, especially Mrs. Fillmore, weren't very satisfied with his actions.

"Sit the hell down William," Tyler asked politely.

"Agreed," chanted both Andie and Mrs. Fillmore at the same time.

"You ain't being very nice today," Mrs. Fillmore added.

"Someone tell Wickedly Reckless William to sit the goddamn hell down before I put nails and tacks on his chair," Tyler requested.

"Oh, and by the way guys," Andie added, "there's more than 900 quotes we've written from all of you, and we're nearly at 1000!"

"And when I look back on all of these quotes," Breckinridge quoted, "I feel a sense of happiness, considering how much joy this class has brought upon my life. And on top of that, I'm very happy to have preserved everything this class has offered. You guys are genuinely insane, but it's all in a way that can make me happy."

After Maggie was done making her statement, a now calmed down Mrs. Fillmore decided to go about and bring up past drama.

“You know what,” she vividly declared, “I’m beginning to find the concept of writing William and Amy up to be a rather interesting one. Would be a shame if you had to see the Rizzing Principal himself on the last day of school.”

“Oooh! Top 10 saddest anime deaths!” Tyler jokingly stated.

“No, please don’t write us up!” William cried. “We don’t wanna be written up!”

“Hey William, you scratched me!” Georgie complained.

“Amy Cheney Quayle here is a homosexual!” William argued randomly. “If you write her up, that ought make ya a certified homophobe!”

“In summary, despite whatever William just said,” Maggie resumed unexpectedly, “I love you all, you insane friends! Now, I shall hand the mic over to Blaine.”

“I’m LGBTQ Mrs. Fillmore!” Amy angrily noted. “Please don’t do this to a poor soul like me!”

“This class sucks!” Blaine started. “I really hated this class! You people are not getting gifts from Santa Claus this Christmas, I’ll tell you that much! Oh, and William, or should I say Will-Not-Iam, I’m still holding you accountable for our project!”

“But you didn’t do shit, so how are you talking right now Bee-El-Lane?” William protested.

“Well damn!” Tyler replied in shock.

“You are the liar!” Blaine sharply pointed out. “Just like a gate down in the homeland of Texas; always squeaking and never oilin’, I’ll tell you that much.”

While Blaine was complaining, she resigned from her speech, letting Andie do some talking.

“Contrary to what Blaine Wallace here has said,” he started, “I was actually a fan of this class from the beginning to the end. As someone who was writing down all of the quotes about this class, I can say that I’m happy to have been here all the time. I love Italian culture a lot, and this class made it so much better for me, and the state of what the class is now is truly an example of what true friendship is. It’s also a place I’ll always look back on as a laughing wonderland for the ages. I have never been happier to be part of a more fulfilling and adrenaline-pumping environment, and to that, from the bottom of my heart, I thank all of you so much for every last thing you’ve given me this past year in this wonderful class. Love you all!”

“I know this ain’t our last day together,” Maggie added again, “but as Andie has stated, thank you all so much for the memories. I really feel like Mr. Johnson would’ve loved this day very much.”

“Wait what the hell? This is our last day?” the very stupid William asked.

Feeling emotionally touched by the speech, Mrs. Fillmore went up to Maggie and asked her if there were any tissues for her. While she was at it, Mrs. Fillmore praised her and Andie for their speeches.

“I’ve heard lots of things over the years, especially from this class,” she started, “but of all the things I’ve heard, this one is the most emotionally hard hitting. Never knew how much this place meant to all of you.”

“Oh, it’s nothing Mrs. Fillmore,” Maggie replied. “It’s just that we all love this class for everything it has given us this year, no matter the person.”

“Ooh! Top 10 saddest anime deaths, again!” Tyler replied.

“Say, Mrs. Fillmore,” Maggie asked. “Do you wanna make a speech yourself?”

“Honestly, I think I’m good,” she responded, “but thank you for asking Maggie.”

Then bored of the conversation, William decided to do what he did best; speak random nonsense.

“Guys, you won’t believe what happened to the Swaggy Rizzler recently. Mr. Jimmy John Johnson himself was at my house yesterday!” He announced.

“Calling cap on that one, you Wascally William you,” Schuyler stated.

“Oh, that’s unusual,” Blaine noted. “Found Mr. Johnson at my great-uncle’s funeral. He said he

also attended the funeral of William's great-great-grandfather, which is honestly very shocking if I don't say so myself."

While all this talk about Mr. Johnson was swirling about, Schuyler was planning to make his own speech to express his thoughts on the class that might've given him an aneurysm.

"You know what, Harry?" He asked Harry while voice chatting with him.

"What's up, Schuyler? Need a babysitter for Georgie again?" Harry replied.

"No, not that," he grumbled. "I got an idea. I'm gonna follow in your footsteps and perform my own speech. I'm gonna do what's right and make my final mark, for me, my son, Mr. Johnson, and all of the other classmates here."

"Sounds like a magnificent plan, Schuylie," Harry enthusiastically commented. "Sounds like the right thing to do. Good luck, have fun, and please record it so me and Big Ass Bill can watch it."

"Will do," he answered back.

"Aight. My turn Blaine," he promptly quoted. She, along with Andie and Maggie, sat down, Schuyler went to the podium, his son Georgie started recording, and Schuyler officially began his greatest speech ever.

Ford

“E verybody, shut the hell up and listen to me!” Schuyler fiercely declared.

“Yea guys,” agreed the outgoing Maggie. “Listen to Schuy.”

“Come on,” Tyler proclaimed, “Come on!”

“Ruhhhhhhhh,” Schuyler groaned once again, trying to get everyone to shut up once more.

“Yo guys! Shut up!” Georgie fiercely announced. “Daddy Schuyler’s going to make a good speech... and hopefully not go out to get the milk again! So y’all can shut it!”

“Hey guys!” Amy teasingly chimed. “Since the end of class is coming, I got a very special guest for all of you.”

Then out of nowhere, before a single sound left Schuyler’s mouth, the class was reintroduced to Long Snake Drake, via Amy’s phone, which was faced towards him.

“I might be in the nurse right now,” Drake voiced, his voice glitchy on his girlfriend’s phone, “and I might’ve missed Maggie Breckinridge’s holy speech, but I shall still skibidi all over the place. Why? Because I am Long Snake Drake Young Garner, and I can do that... better than you all ever could.”

Everyone just went dead silent. As for Schuyler, he was plain pissed off at him. He then gave Drake the middle finger, and, without a single peep, mouthed, “*I hope your pillow is warm tonight, little man.*”

“Shut up Drake, you foolish intruder,” chimed Mrs. Fillmore.

Schuyler then did another “Ruhhhhhhhh” to grab everyone’s attention, to which he began to speak.

“I, personally, would like to note that–” he uttered before getting cut off by William.

“Damn Schuyler,” he quoted. “Your voice is so deep. I never noticed that. No wonder why you’re Georgie’s father figure.”

“Uhhh... thanks, I guess?” Schuyler replied in exchange.

“*Well well well, great heavens to murgatroyd! There goes 10 minutes of my life down the drain!*” Tyler passively thought to himself.

Schuyler was now dead silent. After William cut him off, his thought process went off the air and tried to craft up a response.

“Carry on!” Blaine chanted, to which he noticed.

“When I first came down here to this classroom,” he resumed peacefully, “I genuinely didn’t believe this place would be as chaotic as it would be. And because of that, none of you guys failed to give me any migraines. I got a whole load of them, trust me.”

“Yay guys!” Georgie gleefully cheered. “We gave my daddy a whole load of goofy migraines that’ll haunt him until the day he dies! Huzzah!”

“Oh, and another thing,” Schuyler added, “you guys never failed to make my migraines worse either... if you can even say that.”

“Yea. I definitely know that, especially after that one time you started a fire and 911 was called in to put it out,” William reminisced. “Oh, and before you say anything, you’re very welcome.”

“Well William,” Schuyler continued on, “I didn’t need nor want to listen to you yap about something I accidentally decided to do. Anyways, this class is the exact opposite of what I’d consider to be funny, but rather seizure inducing. I spent many days praying to see those days end, but nope, that didn’t happen. Thankfully, I was resilient enough to put up with it for oh I don’t know how long, 9 fricking months or something? But whatever it is, I’m just very glad that school is over so these things don’t need to happen any further. Got a lot of brain bleeding

during my time here, and was handling so much at one time, but then again, thank William's great-great grandfather himself for ending this all so damn peacefully."

"You got hammered so hard bro, and it's actually undeniably hilarious!" William jokingly stated. "You were hammering your own son by the way."

"That's nice and everything," chimed Maggie, "but how about thanking some people?"

"Shut the hell up, all of you!" Schuyler protested. "I ain't done yet!"

"Anyways," he restarted, "thank you for making this all the less painful. Was planning to skip school today, but I figured why not show up for this glamorous and well-awaited event."

"Oh really now?" Maggie questioned playfully.

"Yes, Maggie Breckinridge," Schuyler reluctantly replied. "Really now."

"Anyways," he then added, "I'd also like to conduct some honorable mentions since apparently people like to do that. First up, Andie Slay Wheeler, I'd like to thank you for sending my pain, suffering, and even death in the other direction. Your effort to make this class less painful is that of symbolic and honorable."

"Woah now, I barely did anything to help you. All I said was don't kill yourself," Andie questionably replied.

“Well by this point, that’s probably the only thing that matters to the man,” Tyler monotonously replied. “After all, Schuy literally said that this class made his life less painful.”

“And what is painful is how few people you’ve given credit, thanks, and or condolences to,” Maggie angrily whimpered. “Just keep going for the love of William’s great-great-grandfather and sake of time!”

“Well, in that case,” Schuyler continued, “I’ll just go with Blaine. I don’t really got a lot to say about you, but I’ll just give you credit for existing and actually letting me continue with my speech.”

“Hey!,” Blaine sharply blurted. “That’s mad vague, but thank you I suppose.”

“Now, Maggie Breckinridge,” Schuyler decreed, “Thank you for being a damn good friend during these hard times. Very well appreciated.”

“Awwww,” Maggie gleefully answered. “You’re very welcome for everything. I’m happy to have been there for you all the way, both in and out of class.”

“And who’s next?” Schuyler jokingly asked. “Ah yes, Mr. Frelinghuysen. How could I forget?”

While Schuy was complimenting Tyler, William was talking to Drake on Amy’s phone, which drowned Schuyler’s voice out.

“Yes, you heard that very well,” he noted to Drake.

“Big Ol’ Randy D was defeated by the mythical Lickster in the greatest ‘don’t look down’ basketball tourney of 1227 AD. My mentor, who was coincidentally my great-great-grandfather, told me that long ago, which was actually yesterday. Betcha didn’t know that one.”

“Ay Schuyler,” Tyler furiously proclaimed after William’s words got to his ears, “I can’t hear shit brother! People won’t quit yapping.”

“Alright,” he replied, “let me emphasize my statement once again... Thank you for being a good friend and babysitter for my son. And good luck with that little dreamy TV show of yours. I hope you get somewhere with it.”

“Thank you,” Tyler chanted. “Thank you!”

“So, overall,” Schuyler continued, “Thank you all for... uhh, I don’t even know... uhhh... existing, I guess? But whatever it is, thanks.”

“Daddy Schuylie!” Georgie proclaimed. “I wanna go up and make a short speech! Can I please?”

“Let him go on, Schuyler Jr.” Drake randomly added, still on Amy’s phone. “Let Georgie do his thing.”

“Georgie,” Schuyler replied, “Your entire existence is literally a speech within itself. Now, friends, you may ponder to yourselves, how so? Well, lets just s—”

“Once you go blackberry, you never go back-berry!” William and Georgie eagerly declared.

“Uncalled for, Georgie!” Mrs. Fillmore angrily chimed.

“Yeah...” Schuyler sighed. “That’s it right there. Anyways, I think that’s all I gotta say for this class. Thank y’all I guess? Oh, and peace out brothers.”

Everyone applauded the speech, with Mrs. Fillmore beginning to pack up and head out, but she, and everyone else would have to wait, for someone else had to go make something happen.

“Alright you little shits,” Gerald fiercely started whilst walking up to the podium, his tone clearly blaring at all his haters. “It’s my turn on the wheel... or the sigma circle as you’d all call it.”

“Good god. Here we go again,” Ms Fillmore sadly said aloud.

“Guys!” Maggie stated, who was at the door, waiting for Gerald to make his speech and for the day to end. “Gerald has a speech to make!”

“Oh really now?” Marie Dole added, who was suddenly arriving back after a long absence.

“Goddamn it Gerald, come on!” Tyler angrily stated. “I gotta get my stuff and get out!”

Gerald just stared at Tyler for a moment before proceeding on with the speech, his face was giving off his classic smug face. Before he spoke, he

saluted the flag of his homeland, the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom.

“William H. Truman fanclub, goofballs, somehow sane citizens, and weird subjects of the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom,” he started, “I am pleased to have received the award of The Goat of the Year.”

“Yea Jerry,” Marie enthusiastically encouraged. “Keep slaying the Gobbly Wobblies king!”

“Anyways,” he continued, “despite me receiving such a prestigious award, I must decline this piece of paper that I’ve been granted by this class.”

Maggie, Andie, Mrs. Fillmore, and Marie all looked at him with shock in their eyes and mouths, unsure why he’d decline such a thing.

“I hate to admit this to both Andie and Maggie, and maybe more,” he rebutted, “but let me explain. I may be famous as the leader of the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom and all, and for surviving the assassination from the Gobbly Wobblies, but I wholeheartedly believe that there is someone else in this class who deserves it more than I. And that person... is Schuyler Mikhail Ford Jr.”

As soon his name was mentioned, the now tired Schuyler looked back and waited for what the King had to say.

“Dearest Schuyler, for your amazing contributions to this class, both past and present, and for

attempting to liberate this class from the rule of the dumb regarding Truman and Barkley, I hereby grant you with the award of the goat of the year. Been a long time coming, good pal, but I think now is time to praise you at last.”

After this short but sweet and slightly offensive monologue, the two shook hands, whilst the class began clapping for the final time.

“I see that. I see that,” Tyler noted, saying that because he knew it was true.

“Go, Dad, go!” celebrated Georgie.

“Ok, good work Gerald,” both Marie and Mrs. Fillmore replied at the same time.

“Awww,” Maggie cutely added, “how adorable.”

“Ok. This Gerald guy sucks,” complained Drake. Schuyler once again mouthed to him, “*I hope your pillow is warm tonight, little man.*”

“Interesting but good,” Schuyler passively proclaimed. “Not what I was expecting at the last minute, but here we are, I suppose. Thank you very much King Gerald, and thank you as well, Queen Marie. I know you wanted this.”

“I love you all,” added Maggie, “very very much.”

Shortly after this grand occasion, the bell had rung. Everyone dashed out the door.

“Uhhh, King Gerald,” Tyler curiously asked, “it’s been a good 9 minutes now. Can I stop recording now, please?”

Gerald nodded in approval.

"Thank the heckin lord, I'm done," Tyler sighed with relief.

"Gotta go now guys! See y'all! Love this class! Bye bye!" Maggie quickly spoke.

After that, everyone else started to leave, including Mrs. Fillmore.

"Goodness gracious," she sighed. "Thank god that my biggest fear finally came over me; the fear of the award show!"

She started laughing after that, but before she could finally crave her departure from the room, she found Maggie's phone on the ground. When she noticed it, Maggie rushed back to fetch it. She looked at Mrs. Fillmore with a hint of gratefulness in her eyes.

"Thanks again for allowing us to host our show Mrs. Fillmore," she said, "Means a lot to me and Andie."

"My pleasure Maggie," Mrs. Fillmore replied, "I may not have liked it, but so long as you, Andie, and everyone else enjoyed yourselves, then that's all that matters."

The two shook hands and left, leaving Mrs. Fillmore in Mr. Johnson's empty room. She looked out the window to see various students leaving the school, including Tyler Frelinghuysen, who was walking to the wooded area.

Frelinghuysen

After school ended, Tyler proceeded to walk to his humongous mansion. He was very happy to have witnessed the award show, and to have gotten his award. But when he was on the crosswalk, he couldn't help but feel a sudden pang of sadness within him. He wasn't really sure what it was, so he proceeded to just brush it off and act as if nothing had happened. He then found his close friend, talk buddy, and collaborational partner Calvin Dawes Shou walking about.

"Well well well. If it isn't the myth, the legend himself... Shou Calvin," Tyler started.

"Well hello Frelinghuysen Tyler," Calvin replied. "I assume that the award show you were telling me went well, judging from your enthusiastic appearance."

"Sure did Calvin. Wouldn't miss it for the world... And believe me now, it was one hell of a show," he enthusiastically proclaimed. "But after I left class, I

felt a sting in my soul...”

“Anything wrong?” Calvin asked.

“Well...,” Tyler paused, trying to collect his thoughts. “I honestly have no idea why I felt that. But whatever it is, I’m sure it’s not important. Besides, I got other, more optimistic things to look forward to right now... like talking with you for example.”

“I suppose that’s a good mindset,” Calvin replied. “Anyways, are you staying at the library today or is your step-sister Sid picking you up?”

“Step-Sister Sid’s picking me up today,” Tyler noted. “I can’t even walk to the library at all since she’s been in one hell of a rush this morning. Was like that when I was dropped off. Not every day when she’s like this, and when she is—”

Tyler was about to finish his sentence when out of nowhere, step-sister Sid pulled up with her purple and yellow gradient pick up truck, and was the opposite of what he had just described her as; she was calm, cheerful, and had a passive grin.

“Hey Tyler,” she shouted with optimism in her words. “Wanna hop in the car anytime soon?”

“Well damn, gotta head on down Calvin,” he replied. “See you at the retirement home you old boomer.”

“You’re the boomer,” Calvin jokingly stated, “but sure. See ya.”

Tyler hopped in Sid's pick-up truck, waved at Calvin, and proceeded to truck on home.

"So, hello step-brother Tyler," Sid started. "How was school today?"

"As per the usual standards Sid; just fine," Tyler continued on. "Nothing special to note."

"Any homework Tyler?"

"No Sid. No homework for Mr. Tyler."

"Why do I feel like you're lying?"

"Nah, I ain't lying."

"Tyler Humphrey Frelinghuysen, stop lying to Supreme Leader Sid!"

"Goddamn it Sid! I don't have any homeworks to do! Hell, I'll pull out my planner and I'll show you that I speak the truth!"

"I'm just joshing with you, Tyler. Calm down man."

"Whoops, sorry Sid."

"Now that I think about it, I could go waltzing up to your teachers and ask them to give you homework!"

"I know damn well you're too nice for that Sid. Come on girl."

The two kept on chatting in the car, joking and annoying each other as step-siblings do, then they arrived at their big mansion, with their oh so clean lawn. They walked in and they were greeted by their

dog, Biggie Cheese.

“Who’s a big cheesy boy?” Tyler cutely said. “Who’s a big cheesy boy? You are, Biggie Cheese! How’s my boy been doing?”

“Biggie Cheese really missed you this morning Tyler!” Sid said while smiling gleefully. “Poor boy felt left alone all morning long, especially since I had to go out and run some errands.”

“Well Biggie Cheese, what do you say? Wanna head up to my room and play chess?”

Biggie Cheese barked enthusiastically, excited to spend time with his owner. The duo then went upstairs to Tyler’s grand and modern militarial sanctuary; his bedroom. Tyler opened up his closet and grabbed out his almighty chess board, whilst Biggie Cheese sat down peacefully, and eventually, the two started playing.

A few good minutes went by, and the two were still playing.

“Well well well, look who finally decided to take my rook with a queen,” Tyler said aloud. “Good job Biggie. You’re doing better than in your last performance.”

The two kept on playing, until out of nowhere, a sudden emotion of true and blank neutrality arose over Tyler. The feeling was that of an ominous one, as he didn’t know what it was.

“Well damn,” he murmured, “looks like I’m feeling down once again like when I was talking to Calvin. And again, I don’t get what’s coming over me.”

He then paused the game, sat down at his desk, and thought long and hard about what he was going through.

“Eureka!” he exclaimed. “I finally found what made me so upset. I never got to make a speech at the award show, but I really want to. Now how do I do that when I’m not actually there?”

He then paused for a moment once again, thinking of what he could do.

“Eureka, once again!” he exclaimed once again. “I can just record my speech and send it in the group chat! That’s simple! But I haven’t written anything yet... so... might as well do so.”

He then turned to Biggie Cheese, still waiting for Tyler to move.

“Sorry Biggie,” he regretfully announced, “but the Chess games are gonna have to wait. I got things to do.”

He opened up a desk drawer, grabbed out a paper and pencil, and began to write up his greatest speech ever.

“Well, that’s step one done,” Tyler openly noted. “Now I gotta do step two; write it down.”

He began to write down everything that he could think of regarding period 8 Italian. He started

off very strong by writing one hell of an intro, followed by memorializing lots of classic names and events throughout the class' history, no matter how obscene or miscellaneous it was. He also had set up a timer so he knew how long it would take to write. He wrote and wrote as hard as he could, occasionally looking at a framed portrait of some of his period 8 Italian friends that he had on his desk. After about 20 minutes, Tyler's master speech was finally done.

"Hallelujah!" he exclaimed. "Now, time to record this, send it in the group chat, and be done."

So with that, he grabbed his phone, pulled up a recorder, and officially began speaking.

"Friends, sigmas, kings, teachers, and all others," he started/ "Even though the award show is over, and I'm very late to do this, it is still my greatest honor to conduct my own speech and reminisce about this wonderful class. I will truly say, it is one of my utmost and distinct pleasure to have been part of this wonderful class, and I recite my speech, I'll go back, look at some memories, and celebrate this day with all of you. First up, Big Ass Bill. Bill Cass, or should I say King Thugshaker, you're one hell of a man. Your humor never ceased to amaze everyone, and your smile, as Harry once said, made the world complete and full of great joy. Speaking of which, we got good old Harrison Barkley. Truly one of the staples of the class that'll go down in not just Period

8 Italian history, but also school history.”

After Tyler was getting ready to talk about the next person, Georgie, his voice suddenly started to crack up, almost as if he was going to have yet another stroke of some kind.

“Uhhhh...” he murmured, his voice hard to analyze.. “Ah.. yes, G-go-Georgie, how c-can I forget you-” After that, his voice became full-on incomprehensible. His face started to turn red just as tears began to slide down from his eyes.

The sudden feeling of sadness he felt earlier finally caught up to him. The strong and mighty Tyler Humphrey Frelinghuysen quickly became weak and vulnerable. He was officially crying about Period 8 Italian. Memories played through his mind seamlessly, which drove him further into a crying frenzy. He cried for about 3 minutes. Not only that, but he forgot to stop recording, henceforth letting his sobby attitude be caught on video.

After his sudden outburst, he began to regain himself, wiped his tears away, and finally decided to speak again.

“You know what guys?” Tyler restarted, his voice still a bit muted. “I had a whole speech written for you guys, but I might as well tell you from the heart and make it quick. You all are amazing. I appreciate

every last one of you for every last thing you've ever done for our great world of Period 8 Italian. May no one ever forget all the fun we had... and from the bottom of my heart, thank you all so much for everything. It's really been one hell of a great ride."

After his unexpectedly cut speech, still a bit wobbly from his unexplainable breakdown, he finally ended the video.

"Well, that sure was a disaster," he said. He glared at Biggie Cheese, who was doing the same thing as him.

"I'm sorry little buddy," he replied remorsefully. "You didn't need to see me break down like that. Didn't know what got over me, but whatever it is, it must not ever happen again."

He hugged Biggie Cheese as the two lay down on a pillow featuring a character from his favorite show, *Silly Little Eric*. He was still sobbing a bit, reciting lines from the show to help him cope.

"Screw you all. Every last one of you. Imma knock you all down like bowling pins. Splishity splashity, the opinion you have is trashy. Damn you, I ain't hot, nor am I a balloon."

When Tyler got to Eric's fourth quote, "Imma do what imma do," he began to feel better, which is also the time when the doorbell rang downstairs.

Biggie Cheese jumped from Tyler's grasp and ran

down the stairs as Step-sister Sid opened the door to Tyler's former 8th grade teacher, former tutor, and neighbor, Mr. Marshall, who was here to return some mail that was sent to his house.

"Greetings, Sidney," Mr. Marshall stated, his voice so fancy and formal. "I pray you don't mind my sudden intrusion into your residency, but I couldn't help but notice that some of your letters have appeared face-flat on my doorstep just this morning, so I kindly felt like dropping in and returning these wrongly sent letters back to your establishment, so long as your canine comrade Biggie Cheese doesn't consume them for supper."

As he finished talking, his strong sense of hearing kicked in and heard Tyler crying.

"I don't know about you young lady, but I suddenly hear a call of distress coming from somewhere in this residency. Could it be your step-son Tyler or one of those fancy soap operas that you keep entertaining yourself with?"

"I know that sobbing everywhere," Sid noted. "That's definitely my step-son. Care to wash his tears away, Mr. Marshall? I'm a bit busy right now."

"Gladly. I'll take care of it from here forth, so no need to worry."

Mr. Marshall promptly walked up to Tyler's room, where his door was coincidentally open thanks to Biggie's dash.

“Hello there Tyler,” he started. “What’s my secretly scandalous student doing bawling your eyes out on the floor?”

“Oh... h-hel-lo there Mr. Marshall,” Tyler responded, his voice still a bit sobby and unstable. “I was... uh..”

“Let me guess... It’s the period 8 Italian class of yours, ain’t it? Did something occur?”

“Oh indeed Mr. Marshall sir. There was an... uh-hh, award show and like... it was very nice, yes. I loved it as much as I loved the class in question... I say love in the past tense because the class is ending and it doesn’t make me feel good about myself, yes. It ain’t coming back Mr. Marshall.”

“Well, I’m very sorry to hear about the loss of your beloved domain, but I have some sage words of advice that you should consider to help you cope properly. What marks the end of something doesn’t mean it’s something to be pout-worthy, but rather something that can be seen as a forever tool, as the legacy shall stay with you within both heart and soul.”

After Mr. Marshall uttered that string of words, Tyler stopped losing control of his emotions and regained himself.

“You know what Mr. Marshall, you’re absolutely right. It’s better to focus on what I used to have instead of slumbering on the past every time.”

“That’s a brilliant mindset old chap,” the gleeful Mr. Marshall said peacefully. “I’m glad we could hurdle over this together. Now, let me open up la finestra and give you some fresh oxygen for your calmness.”

“Much appreciated, Mr. Marshall,” Tyler replied, slowly regaining confidence. “I’m beginning to feel as if the recovery process shall be easier for myself and have betterment within the future.”

“And that Tyler is how you should be feeling daily. Never let troubles take you down the drain. Be yourself and be lively.”

Tyler nodded at what Mr. Marshall had said, getting up to stick his head out the window to breathe worry-free. And what he saw out the window was truly a surprise; it was the hosts themselves, Andie and Maggie, casually just walking outside. He could actually hear them from afar, which is his bedroom window.

“Hmm... these folks seem rather loud,” Mr. Marshall noted.

“No shit Mr. Sherlock. I couldn’t tell,” Tyler jokingly and sarcastically replied, both him and Mr. Marshall trying to tune in to the conversation.

“Say, Maggie,” Andie asked, “have you ever felt like something was so important yet it’s missed?”

“Actually, yes I have felt like that,” chimed Maggie. “Not sure why but I felt like it happened just

recently.”

“Maybe it’s regarding the award show, per-chance?”

“How could it be?”

“Did we forget anyone?”

“I don’t know, but I feel like we did.”

“Mrs. Fillmore? Amy Quayle? Arthur Nelson? Tyler Frelinghuysen?”

“Actually,” Tyler suddenly added after listening to their conversation, getting ready to walk Biggie Cheese, “I think it’s worse.”

“Who and how so?” beckoned Andie. “And you better not say Bill Cass the Thugshaker.”

“Well it’s pretty straightforward honestly. Mister. Johnson.”

And with those words uttered from Tyler’s mouth, for a good minute or so, Maggie and Andie just stood still, saying nothing.

“No...” Andie replied happily, clearly in denial. “You’re kidding, right?”

“I wish I was Andie,” Tyler grimly noted, “but it’s sadly true.”

“Well... then what the hell are we gonna do about it?” Maggie added. “He is retiring this year, so I guess he’ll never get it.”

“That’s what y’all think.”

“What do you mean?”

“You see, I actually got a message from my friend

Rockefeller saying that Mr. Johnson is coming back during the last two days.”

“Interesting, but what’ll that mean?” the former hosts asked.

“It means that y’all get to do another award show,” Tyler enthusiastically replied, “but maybe in a different way. Overall, he’s gonna get his award, and better yet, this isn’t the end of period 8 Italian just yet. And by the way, Rockefeller, who also has Daddy Johnny, says that a farewell bouquet is being hosted for him featuring students from both his classes, so this is the chance to do a bigger goodbye than just an award...”

“Slay brother, slay!” Andie and Maggie enthusiastically cheered. “We’re gonna have a real bash with this one!”

“But how will we do it?” asked Andie after slowing the celebration dance down.

“It’s simple, really, hosts,” replied Tyler, “all you have to do is hear me out. We all come barging in the room, participate in the buffet, you give out the award, and then we do the dumb musical number.”

“That’s nice and all Tyler,” praised Maggie, “but how will the musical go?”

“Again, it’s simple. You guys could write the lyrics since you wrote the awards, Schuyler could do some short music loop like a hip-hop beat since he’s a musician, and Arthur could do some mixing since

he's a DJ. Oh, and I'll do the hosting this time because I know what I'm doing."

"But who'll be singing? Us? Georgie? Anyone?"

"That's up for you guys to decide. Anyways, are you guys on board? It'll be on the 18th of June by the way, aka Big Daddy Johnson's birthday."

"Care to keep us posted?"

"Of course... so long as you're willing to help."

"Gladly Tyler. Let's make the dream slay!"

"Fantastico! Arrivederci ragazzi!"

Tyler went back inside with his dog whilst Andie and Maggie kept walking on.

"How was your sudden quest, good man Tyler?" Mr. Marshall asked fondly.

"Very fortuitous Mr. Marshall," Tyler quoted. "We're going to be hosting a musical number for Mr. Johnson's last day, alongside a beautiful buffet."

"I'll let you go to work Tyler. Have fun."

"Thanks Mr. Marshall. Will do."

And with that, Tyler and Biggie Cheese went back to their room, planning the perfect sendoff for Mr. Johnson.

Fillmore

It was June 18. The not-so-well planned and unexpected sequel to Maggie and Andie's award show was finally here. The two treated it like it was the first one, only on a greater scale because of what else was being included for the day; the end-of-year buffet, the musical, the everything. When the two arrived at school, they were acting like they ate lots of sugar last night.

"Oh my god Andie," Maggie exclaimed, "today's the big day! So slay, isn't it?"

"So slay indeed Maggie," he replied, "very slay. Beats out all the slayness of the slay we've slayed this slay ahh year!"

"Say Maggie, did Tyler mention anything about when it is?"

"I don't know, but we do know it's today."

As soon she said, both of their phones went buzzing off, signifying a notification. It was Tyler Frelinghuysen, sending a message in the official chat

room.

Tyler Frelinghuysen: Yo yo yo! What's good y'all? Just got a message from my friend Rocky and he says that the buffet starts at 11:00 AM today during Mr. Johnson's period 4 class. He'll (as in Rocky) be waiting for all of us outside of the classroom, and he says he's expecting everyone to show up. When the time comes, you guys can all arrive at the main hallway at 10:55 AM the latest. From there, we'll be walking down to Mr. Johnson's class for the buffet and so on. Y'know the drill. Looking forward to seeing you all soon! -Tyler H. Frelinghuysen

After seeing the meetup time, the two checked the current time, which was 9:00 AM on the dot, and after seeing that, the two became even more eager to go, even going as far to just shake while standing... and complaining about waiting.

"Oh my god, this'll take forever to wait for!" complained Maggie. "Why can't we just do this now and get it over with?"

"You do remember Mr. Johnson doesn't teach a class until period 4, right?" reminded Andie. "Besides, there is no period 8 today. The last class was yesterday."

"Well honestly, no, I forgot. Not like it mattered or anything."

"Well of course you didn't, you silly goose. Take them memory pills."

"I'll do it when I get to the party. Anyways, I gotta

go to science. See you Andie, my pookie bear. Love you!”

“Bye Maggie, my pookie bear. Love you too!”

And so the duo separated and went to their classes, both still very anxious and excited for what was to come, but coincidentally, they shared the same thought process. Some of the thoughts the two coincidentally had were if everyone would be here to celebrate, if Tyler and Rocky could’ve outdone them in their own field, and most importantly, whether Mr. Johnson himself would even show up. But for now, they decided not to worry much about it.

After nearly two long grueling hours of waiting so impatiently, the bell had rung, and Maggie and Andie rushed from their respective classes to arrive where Tyler had said, the main hallway. When the two saw each other, they hugged and held hands as a sign of good friendship.

“Slay Queen Andie!” Maggie jumped.

“Pookie bear Maggie!” exclaimed Andie.

“Ready for the show Ands?”

“You bet ya Mags!”

And so the two went down to the main hallway, and they looked at the clock there, which showed that it was 10:56 AM. They also got to see a few of their period 8 Italian friends already waiting there, with some of the names including Harry, Bill,

Georgie, Blaine, and Tyler himself.

"This isn't a personal issue or anything you guys," Tyler stated, "but William wouldn't like it if he saw you guys holding hands. You know how much he hates that."

"Could care less about that," Maggie annoyingly replied. "Let us do what we want."

"Just be thankful he ain't even here."

"What?"

"You can ask Georgie later."

"Uhhhh... OK?"

After that randomly short blurb about William, the rest of the crew, including names like Amy, Schuyler, Gerald, and even names like Drake and Marie, all showed up to the gang. After a thirty second grace period, a person with green shoes and glasses walked up.

"Hey everyone!" the person said. "Hope y'all are ready to go to period 4 with me."

"I assume you're Tyler's friend?" Schuyler asked curiously.

"Yep Schuyler, that's me! Good old Rockefeller Willkie. Anyways, is everyone here?"

"William isn't here, Mr. Rockefeller," Georgie solemnly noted. "He sadly escaped the town because he said he wanted to find his long lost step-dad. Sadly, he never returned in time to show up to school today."

“Bro, what the hell?” Rocky furiously replied. “Was looking forward to seeing William today and now you’re telling me he ain’t here? What a bunch of crap!”

“I’m here though,” Drake added. “Hopefully that’ll cover up some damage.”

“Could give a shit now. Let’s just move it before it starts. Time’s been wasted already.”

And with that, Rocky and the period 8 Italian gang all started walking down to Mr. Johnson’s room, but not before the legend herself, Mrs. Fillmore, saw and stopped them.

“And where the hell do you all think you’re going?” she demandingly asked.

“To Mr. Johnson’s room,” Georgie added. “Where else?”

“Don’t you guys have different classes for period 4?”

“It’s a whole thing Mrs. Fillmore,” Bill clarified. “Let’s just say we’re gonna be giving Mr. Johnson a good surprise for his final day here.”

“Well...” Mrs. Fillmore said before thinking for a moment before making a decision. “I don’t see why not to celebrate his legacy. I’ll join you guys.”

Everyone applauded Mrs. Fillmore for making a bold move and were extremely happy to have someone like her join the party.

“Just don’t tell no one,” Harry pleaded as Mrs.

Fillmore complied with his request.

They kept on walking until they arrived outside the holiest place of the day, which was the room that Mr. Johnson lay claim to. The group stopped at an angle which Mr. Johnson couldn't see them all at.

"Alright everyone," Rocky said before stopping everyone. "You guys listen well and clearly. I'll walk into the room, tell Mr. Johnson that I'm back, tell him what's going on, and you guys can walk in. Clear?"

Everyone nodded in unison, getting a bit excited for what's to come when they walk in. Rockefeller went in first to inform his period 4 of his return.

"What's going on Mr. Johnson!" he eagerly proclaimed. "Old Rockefeller is back in the hood once again."

The whole class heard his voice and plea, especially Mr. Johnson, who eerily looked at him with confusion acting as his main aura.

"And why do you feel the need to proclaim such a random message?" he bellowed. "You normally just walk in and barely talk."

"Not this time," a mysterious voice said. "Sorry."

Mr. Johnson looked at the somehow still opened door, which was suddenly followed by Mrs. Fillmore's mysteriously gleeful presence there.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"A buffet is going on," she replied, "or at least that's

what I've heard. Mind if I join?"

Mr. Johnson skeptically considered the request before he finally came around to it.

"Why not?" he replied.

Mrs. Fillmore, now officially invited to join the party, walked on in, but not even 5 seconds afterwards, she did a hand signal, the looks of which were a queue.

"What are you doing?" Mr. Johnson asked.

"Observe," Mrs. Fillmore said. "Oh, and sorry for this."

"What do you mean sorry?"

"I said observe."

The next thing Mr. Johnson bear witness to was jaw droppingly strange; his entire period 8 class just waltz on in for no given reason. Whilst his period 4 class applauded it, he was very much against it.

"What in the goddamn rizz is this?" he complained. "Aren't you all supposed to be in your classes?"

"Well—" Mrs. Fillmore started before being cut off.

"We're here for some good fun with Prof Daddy Johnson!" Georgie exclaimed.

"We're also here to join your fun buffet," chimed Amy.

"And we're your favorite class!" added Maggie.

"And some other things too, just wait," noted Tyler.

Mr. Johnson thought long and hard about what his students said, and in the background, he heard his period 4 chanting on repeat.

"Let them stay!" they chanted freely.

"Since this is my last day here," Mr. Johnson announced, "I'll let you all stay here... so long as Truey ain't here."

"Went to find his step-dad," Georgie added.

"Didn't he die 11 days ago?"

"That's his great-great-grandfather silly."

"Well thank god for this last day miracle, regardless of which random family member he went to find. I'm tired of putting up with that menace to society. Anyways, y'all can come in."

The period 8 Italian class cheered as their invitation was accepted by the man himself, being all full of frolic to sit down with their friends for their buffet.

A while passed after they started chowing down on the grandest buffet they've known. All was going very well for everyone. Andie, Maggie, and Blaine were all 'slaying' conversations up, Arthur was very much slurping his lips as usual, Tyler was trying to snag the whole candy bag for him and Rockefeller, and Georgie was busy annoying his father, Schuyler. All was actually casual, which made Maggie forget Mr. Johnson's award... until they didn't. They went

up to him, patiently waiting for the moment they'd be doing what they set out to do. Mr. Johnson noticed her waiting, to which he looked up at them slowly and gave them a look of curiosity.

"May I help you with anything?" he beckoned.

"Oh... nothing really," Maggie replied, her voice hinted with intentional suspense. "I just want to give you something for your last day."

"Wait a minute... is it that award show thing you guys did when I was out?"

"Affirmative. We, as in the whole class, just want to give it to you now since today is... y'know."

"Well stop standing around Maggie. Let's get it over with."

Mr. Johnson stood up from his chair very slowly, with Maggie taking a huge step back near the podium. She then queued Andie to come up and join her.

"Attention everyone," Mrs. Fillmore proclaimed after seeing what's going on towards the whiteboard, "we must all pay attention to what is going on up front at this present time."

Everyone listened to her and drew their attention to the whiteboard. With everyone focusing on Maggie, Andie, and Mr. Johnson, they began to do their award show... for one last time.

"Ladies, gentlemen, and all those in between,"

Andie promptly started, “thank you all for coming today to the grand buffet Taylor’s very own, Mr. Johnson!”

Everyone started clapping in cheer, very much respecting what Mr. Johnson has done for them.

“Today,” Andie continued, “we’re going to be doing something else to honor our beloved teacher. Now, for those of you who attended our Period 8 Italian class, you’ll know what this is. Basically for those who don’t know, we did an award show in our class for their achievements. Sadly, we forgot Mr. Johnson wasn’t here, so we didn’t give him an award... or at least until now. With this brief recap out of the way, I’ll hand it over to Maggie to do the coronation of the award.”

“Thank you Andie,” she started, “now here’s the unexpected moment you’ve probably never waited for. The person we’re about to nominate is a pretty obvious one, but we’ll mention their highlights anyway. This person can be noted for being one of the most kindhearted souls that the town of Taylor has come to love, being a key icon in our community both townwide and schoolwide, serving our town with pride when he won the Teacher of the Year award a few months back in April, carried our pickleball team to victory in the nationals alongside Arthur Nelson, cracked us up with his splendid sense of humor, being a compassionate,

understanding, and relatable character, the will and determination to teach us all regardless of our shenanigans, and has ingrained himself in our hearts, now and forever. And with all that in mind, we, Maggie Meyer Breckinridge and Andie Slay Wheeler, hereby grant the holy award of '*Greatest human being of all time*' to the myth, the legend, the man himself... Lewis Horatio Burger Johnson of Taylor and the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom!"

Compared to all the others just six days ago, Mr. Johnson was applauded to death, with every person clapping in some way or another. Some people even started blowing their party horns and whistling to celebrate his legacy and crowning achievement. Mr. Johnson grabbed his award and looked at it with awe and embrace, admiring what he had done.

"We love you Big Daddy Johnson!" Georgie yelled amongst the crowd.

"Johnson comes and strikes again! Outstanding move!" Tyler exclaimed.

"Johnson! Johnson!" Amy chanted aloud.

After Quayle's chant was heard, people started joining in on it until everyone was saying the same thing.

After hearing the chant go on for at least 15 seconds, Mr. Johnson's eyes started to tear up, joy clearly being the culprit behind this. Never had he ever seen such a devoted little group of people love

and embrace him as much as this whole day had been for him.

“Come on Johnson, make a little speech for the fans!” encouraged Andie.

Hearing his words of delightful and playful encouragement, Mr. Johnson quieted his newfound fanbase, went up to make his own speech, just as all the others did.

“Students, faculty, and special guest King Gerald,” he started before getting interrupted by Tyler.

“Woah now,” he rudely uttered while standing up. “Apologies for the rude and unlawful interruption to your speech, but I don’t think we’re done here just yet. If you thought you were getting just an award and buffet, then you can most definitely think twice.”

“What are you yapping about Tyler?” Mr. Johnson asked.

“Well, Mr. Johnson... today, you have witnessed sight, touch, and taste. But, there’s one thing you’re missing... which is sound.”

“Again, what are you yapping about?”

A moment of silence ensued before Tyler broke it.

“Well... sit back, relax, and enjoy the musical!”

“The hell you mean enjoy the musical?”

“It’s just what I said. Come on friends, let’s get the jam pumping!”

After hearing this, the entirety of period 8 Italian and Marie came up ready to perform.

“Lights off Tyler?” asked the intrigued-yet-annoyed Mrs. Fillmore.

“Gladly so,” he replied, “especially since we have some badass lights to go with the feel. Oh, and care to sit front and centre of your farewell show, HB Johnson?”

Mr. Johnson, feeling a mix of anger, shock, and confusion, complied, and sat down front and center of the class, not very ready for what was to come.

“This, my friends,” Tyler advertised, “is a musical we wrote in 6 days to honor Mr. Johnson and his ties to our beloved and iconic period 8 Italian classroom. We spent lots of time and effort on this, and we’re hoping for a good audience to find... that being y’all. So, as I told Mr. Johnson, sit back, relax, and enjoy this one-of-a-kind musical!”

Everyone grabbed something from the buffet table and sat down, eagerly waiting for this goofy experiment to go horrifically wrong.

Nelson

As Mrs. Fillmore turned off the lights, Mr. Johnson's facial expression suggested that he wasn't very happy with what was about to unfold in front of his fiery eyes. The same couldn't be said for Maggie, Andie, and Tyler, with all three of their faces gleaming with excitement for their final few minutes in the class with their favorite teacher.

"Need help with getting the lights Tyler?" asked one of Mr. Johnson's period 4 students.

"Did you order them like I asked Alexander?" he angrily replied.

"Yes, I did. Just forgot to ship them to the school. Instead it's my house."

"So they're at our house?" Schuyler randomly asked.

"Uhhh... yes Schuy? I think so?" Alex scarily replied, closing the blinds until it's dark enough.

"Alexander Ford," protested Tyler, "Tell me there's a refund policy for that."

"I forgot."

"Well shit. Now what?"

"No fear Ty," replied Arthur. "I got some lights from my house."

Next up was a knock at the classroom door. It was the principal himself, Rizzy Roman. Mr. Johnson went up to get it.

"Hold on," he stated, "let me get that."

"Very unwanted delivery for Arthur Clay Nelson," Rizzy Roman tiredly moaned, looking down at his phone. When he looked up, he saw the presence of Mr. Johnson.

"Damn you, Mr. Johnson. It's always you with the wacky classes that do stupid things. Better yet, what's going on anyways?"

"Well..." Mr. Johnson stuttered, "it's for a class presentation."

"Of course it is."

"Want to join us?" Mrs. Fillmore suddenly asked. "We have coffee for your tired mood."

"Fine," Rizzy Roman replied. "It better be good though."

"I'll take those lights, Mr. Rizzler," Arthur stated.

And with that, the school principal was now invested in the musical. When he saw his presence walk into the room, Tyler started to get all shaky and nervous.

"Mind hurrying it up Arthur?" he nervously

beckoned.

“I got you Tyler,” replied Schuyler’s brother Alex.

Him and Arthur got all the lights ready to go for the show. When the class and principal were all staring at the front of the class, Alex sat back down and Arthur got his DJ booth near his beloved bean bag, the latter gave him the thumbs up to start talking.

“Lady dudettes, gentle-handed men, and anything else that’s relevant,” Tyler started, “welcome to the single greatest homemade musically-themed concert-like presentation you’ll ever see in your life. This is basically just a grand tribute to our very own Mr. Johnson for everything he’s done to us all. So sit back, relax, enjoy, and don’t try to overdose on caffeine, Rizzy Roman.”

“Ok Tyler Humphrey Frelinghuysen you old ahhh boomer,” replied Rizzy Roman sarcastically.

With there being some light in the class, Schuyler went to his mp3 player and pressed play on it, the song that he created during his time.

“This song is called The Great Big Tribute to The Great Big Daddy,” he added. “My son Georgie named it this. Should’ve been *‘Farewell Mr. Johnson’*, but whatever.”

The song started out rather peacefully with a solemn piano, although that’s not what the projector

suggested, for Harry had made a video for the song. Said video was a typical Barkley presentation, being all weird and strange. The class started to laugh a bit at the humorous visuals, including Rizzy Roman, but Mr. Johnson had a straight face the whole time.

"Tis a sad day for all of society, as Mr. Johnson shall retire," Tyler started, singing peacefully with the microphone close to his mouth. The lights, controlled by period 4 student and specially-hired light professional, caroline Jackson, started to turn on with a slight hint of blue.

"May we go backwards into the past, And make sure we make it dire. May we forever celebrate today, for it's an important day. Now let's do what we do best, and say the random things we say."

Tyler then stepped back from the mic and let Bill come on up for his verse. The lights turned orange in his name.

"Harry Barkley, wild presentations so prime," he screamed, especially knowing Barkley was behind him, "breaking it down skibidi Drake style, every time. The black hole of fun, all things go askew, his energy was infectious, and we all knew."

"Bill Cass, breaking it down skibidi Drake style," he said while shoving Bill to the side, "The Thugshaker King, making us laugh a mile. Gooning all over, with a heart so grand. His antics and kindness, we'll always understand."

“Georgie Ford,” said Schuyler from his mp3 player, “getting mad freaky in class. Committing lots of skibidi, having a blast. Doing “things” with William, quite the team, their antics turned lessons into a dream.”

“Arthur Nelson, sound effects all around,” proclaimed Tyler once more. “Sleeping on the beanbag, with screeches abound. Playing 21st-century humor, keeping it light. His antics brought laughter, day and night.”

“Bye Bye Daddy Johnson,” everyone sang synchronized, the lights going all rainbow, “you ain’t gonna be forgotten. Bye bye Daddy Johnson, It’s gonna suck when you’re gone.”

During the short intermission that played in the song, everyone was laughing, even Mrs. Fillmore and Rizzy Roman were laughing along. Mr. Johnson’s mouth, which was just a blank line, actually started to curve a bit during the performance. He didn’t chuckle, for he didn’t want to express his deepest thoughts and feelings. The lights then turned dark green for the next part, featuring Georgie singing about his dad.

Schuyler Ford, yelling at William’s mess,” he stated while trying to bait Gerald to do his line, “Raising me with care, handling the stress. Staring into the void, brainrot class was to blame. But still brought love and guidance, all the same.”

“Blaine Wallace, complaining at William with zeal,” said Gerald in an unenthusiastically quiet voice, “Writing essays about class, keeping it real. Slaying every project, with art so grand. Her creative spirit, we always did understand.” He withdrew immediately after his line and let both Maggie and Andie on for the next two parts, both of which featured them.

“Andie Slay Wheeler,” she harmonically voiced, “working on a quote chart. Laughing with yours truly, enjoying every view. Slay queen of the class, with style and grace. Bringing laughter and joy to every place.”

“Maggie Breckinridge,” chimed Andie, “working on the quote chart too. Dying of laughter, loving class with all her heart. Her joy was contagious, her stories so bright, Making every lesson lively, a pure delight.”

“Bye Bye Daddy Johnson,” cheerfully sang everyone, coming back together for the second chorus, “you ain’t gonna be forgotten. Bye bye Daddy Johnson, your amount of rizz is oh so uncommon.”

By this point, it was literally impossible to laugh at this, especially with the visuals and all. At that moment, Mr. Johnson finally caved in and started to laugh, though not as much. Rizzy Roman also fell off his chair, very shaky from laughing too much. caroline, still controlling the lights, switched it from

the rainbow chorus part to dark magenta, which was Amy's favorite color, which implied her part was next. This part would be sung by Marie.

"Amy Quayle, with fashion so keen," she sang, her voice like that of an angel, "Always stylish, a trendsetter queen. Her boyfriend, Long Snake Drake, by her side. Complaining often, but never lacking pride."

"Tyler Frelinghuysen, he always had a smile," sang Arthur from his DJ mixing booth, "Cracking 'your mom' jokes, he'd wow us with style. Getting high all the time, voice cracks galore. His unique humor, we'll always adore."

"Gerald Chandler," sang Marie, still standing where she stood during Amy and Tyler's verse, "ruling the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom, Sharing his talents, bringing joy to the system. Exiling William in dramatic jest. His royal antics, truly the best."

"Marie Dole," sang Marie's male counterpart Gerald, "slaying the competition with ease. Queen of the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom, aiming to please. Shining so green, with a sparkle so bright. Her prowess and grace, a magnificent sight."

"Mrs. Fillmore," sang Maggie while pointing at the person she was singing about, "often agitated, yet kind. Reporting William to the principal, never leaving him behind. Quick with speed, with a heart so dear. Balancing discipline and warmth, making

it clear.”

While Maggie was singing her verse, Mrs. Fillmore decided to open the window a bit for some air, but she accidentally let a long black, shadowy figure into the room. Said figure looked around and went to the podium, where Georgie was about to sing.

“William Truman,” Georgie sang, “working the circus, a full-time act, Saying whhrrraatttado, that’s a fact. Jumping off desks, with a grand display, His antics made every class a fu—”

That was all Georgie was able to sing before being pushed off the stage by the shadowy figure, who, because of the lights, was revealed to be the stepdad finder himself, William Harding Truman.

“That’s me, that’s me!” he proudly and loudly melodized. “I’m so damn based! In a world gone wild, I set the pace. With a skibidi bop and a little whrrratttado, I’m gay! Your mom is mine! I’m on the little bus!”

Everyone listened to his sudden and unexpected lyric, to which everyone actually applauded to a large degree, except for Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Fillmore, who were just plain confused and dissatisfied. William then sat down right in front of Mr. Johnson’s chair like he was a 5 year old toddler watching TV, all amused and sitting in the criss-cross position.

“Hey Daddy Johnny,” he chubbily stated, “why did

you try and get me expelled for saying the word goon last month? How was it teaching my great-great-grandfather? Have you ever been exported to Mexico in your sleep?"

In response to these suddenly weird questions, Mr. Johnson looked at the only possible person responsible for this sudden intrusion, Mrs. Fillmore.

"Whoops," she thought to herself as he looked at her, guilt all over her face. "*My bad Mr. Johnson, sir.*"

While that was going on, the final non-chorus related verse was being sung by none other than Maggie, which caught Mr. Johnson's attention back to the podium.

"Mr. Johnson himself," she beautifully voiced, "yelling at William's antics. Teaching through chaos, embracing the frantic. Known as the Great Daddy, guiding with grace. He made every lesson stupendous, sure a joyous embrace."

Then with a final breath from the performers, caroline slowly dimmed the lights within 5 seconds, the period 8 Italian class going still. Then, she suddenly turned them back on with a white flash, then went back to the rainbow lights. The singers were going insanely wild with their movements, all coming together for the grand finale of the song.

"Bye bye Daddy Johnson," they yelled enthusiastically "it's gonna suck when you're gone. Bye bye Daddy Johnson, your amount of rizz is oh so

uncommon. Bye bye Daddy Johnson, It's gonna suck when you're gone Bye bye Daddy Johnson, Your amount of rizz is oh so uncommon. BYE. BYE. DAD. JOHNSON."

And with that, the lights turned off again, the period 8 Italian class fading into the dark room. Just as before, everyone heavily applauded, even greater than before.

"Show of the year!" Rocky exclaimed.

"Broadway is ashamed!" added Caroline.

"Go Georgie, my dearest son!" chimed William.

"Actually somewhat decent compared to standards," Mrs. Fillmore replied.

"You all pass this year," announced Rizzy Roman, "even though I was going to take a vacation forever starting today, but whatever. I rescind those thoughts greatly."

As the crowd kept on praising the wonderful performance that just unfolded before their eyes, Mr. Johnson was listening to it all. Never before had he seen his period 8 Italian shine so brightly before, let alone receive so much praise. As the cheering around him died down and the lights went back on, he stood up, and slowly started clapping, speeding it up as he went along.

"Fantastico, ragazzi!" he cried enthusiastically. "Fantastico!"

The more he clapped, the more clapping went on from everyone else. The period 8 class took a gigantic bow for all their hard work, grinning and holding each other's hands happily like the end of an actual play. All that was happening while William was throwing what he believed were roses, but were instead crumpled up envelopes from Mr. Johnson's pocket.

"Thank you Mr. Johnson's classroom, and good night!" Tyler enthusiastically proclaimed.

After Tyler declared his so-called love message, he withdrew from the podium, followed by the rest of the class.

"You done now Tyler?" Mr. Johnson asked.

"Indubitably," he classily replied, "I know you wanted to make a speech before I rudely interrupted you, and for which I apologize, so if you wish to, go on up and give us all the best speech you could ever give, my friend."

Mr. Johnson nodded, pointed at Tyler with all due respect as if he was his best friend, went up to the podium, and pounded his fist to try and get everyone's attention. When everyone did look at him, he coughed a bit for effect, and began his last speech to his students.

Johnson

“**M**rs. Fillmore, period 4 Italian, period 8 Italian, King Gerald, Queen Marie, Rizzy Roman, and William H. Truman,” Mr. Johnson boldly started, “it is of an utmost and unexpected honor to be standing here today on my birthday. I am here to do what should’ve been done long ago, which is to reflect on the past, be in the present, and look at the future. I’ve been working at this very school and this very classroom for the past 25 years of my life, so basically since I turned 30. And let me tell you now, throughout all 25 of those years, never have I ever expected to be surrounded by so much zaniness, especially during my last year here. When I first signed up for this job, I wanted to spread the language of the Italians to the town of Taylor, and honestly... not only did I do that with you all, but I’m very much convinced that there has been a wild ruckus during said time, especially coming from period 8. There are so many countless names

and actions that've been done between periods 4 and 8, and despite the fact that I've said I've hated my job and the classes... I never actually hated you guys. This classroom is always something that I've looked forward to and will continue to cherish. Like honestly, I can't begin to fathom how we've all changed, let alone get to this point in time, but I can't help but miss the old days when you all were new to this environment and were somewhat sane, but even then, I can come to a conclusion with all of you, more specifically in terms of how much you've grown. The amount of things you've learned. The amount of things you've done. The amount of memories you've made. The amount of times you've driven me crazy. The amount of bonding you've all done. It has always been my goal as a teacher and friend to help guide you all through the ways of the interesting Italian language, and what you've all done is just the thing I've wanted to see. Sure, I've said I hated the class with a passion, but at the end of the day, it fills my heart with joy and spirit to see what you've all done with yourselves. Seeing you all every day brings me lots of entertainment and you've all grown on me a lot and have provided me with so much, and I can't help but thank you all for making it all so fun and worthwhile. Thank you Andie and Maggie for your strong kindness and the award. Thank you Schuyler and Blaine for

being strong and surviving it all. Thank you Arthur for providing the background to my everyday life here in this classroom. Thank you Tyler for making me laugh and for pulling this whole musical off. Thank you Georgie, Bill, and Harry for being full of joy and including me in your projects for the sake of memorabilia. Thank you Amy for being someone to talk to and always expressing thoughts towards me. Thank you Gerald and Marie for being a great duo and putting everything in order so nothing got out of hand. Thank you Rocky and Alex for providing me with additional insight on Italian when need be and for cracking up creative Italian jokes. Thank you Caroline for additional entertainment with your stunning lights. Thank you Mrs. Fillmore for taking care of this class when I couldn't and for putting up with it. Thank you Rizzy Roman for giving me the job of my dreams and letting me be free. Thank you to the rest of period 4 for being actually normal, which is something I couldn't really find this year. And a big thank you William Harding Truman for being so memorable for all the wrong reasons. Overall, thank you all so much for everything you've given me for my final year at this school. I hope you all continue to take Italian, remember the name Big Daddy Johnson and the mark that I've made, and remember what has unfolded in your lives. Oh, and one more thing...

once you go blackberry, you never go backberry. Arrivederci tutti!”

After a short 3 second span after his speech, Alex blew his party horn, followed by a few others such as William, Tyler, Maggie, and even Mrs. Fillmore and Rizzy Roman. Everyone else was clapping very hard and whistling, and the Fords were shooting confetti cannons everywhere. This whole display of gratitude and affection which actually saw Mr. Johnson tear up yet again.

“Three cheers for Mr. Johnson ragazzi!” proclaimed Rizzy Roman.

“Hip hip, hooray!” everyone proclaimed. “Hip hop, hooray! Hip hip. Hip hip. Hooray hooray hooray!”

“Now, my friends,” Mr. Johnson interrupted, “there are a total of 10 minutes left before y’all leave this class forever. Get whatever you can in with me and or this environment before y’all skedaddle.”

With those words in mind, they all listened. Everyone started embracing their final moments in the class they all came to love. William was jumping off desks and landing on Arthur’s bean bag, while the latter was playing loud noises. Mrs. Fillmore went through her papers and disposed of them in the shredder. Blaine, Maggie, and Andie went around the room doing end-of-year handshakes.

Caroline was showing off her lights in the room. Essentially, everyone was being themselves for one last time. Just watching the site unfold in front of him was nothing short of abnormally pleasant for Mr. Johnson. He was looking at them all with glee, knowing that this was partially his doing. A part of him wanted to settle them all down, but since this was the last day of the year, he just let it go. He looked at his watch, which said 11:56 AM. It cast a short shadow on him, but it was only Rizzy Roman, who came up to him.

“Honestly Mr. Johnson,” he quoted, “I think you’ve done a very good job teaching all these kids this year and the hundred-or-something others you’ve taught over the past quarter of a century. There has never been quite a devoted, lovable, and pleasing teacher than you, and it’s been one hell of an honor having you on the team, Lewis. You see, there are some who lack confidence in the integrity and capacity of the people to govern themselves. To all who entertain such fears you can most respectfully say that you entertain none.”

“Why thank you sir,” he humbly accepted, “I appreciate it. I’m glad to have given something to the world.”

“Oh, and Lewis, before you go, on behalf of the entire staff here at Taylor High School and the town

of Taylor, we commend you for your 25 years of happy service to our small little municipal space, and we hope you have the greatest post-mentorship that you'll ever have. God bless your soul my friend. You're a real and based one."

"Never gotten such a heartfelt apology from someone before. You're the real one here. Now, come over here and give me a great grand hug to mark the ages!"

And with that, Rizzy Roman and Mr. Johnson did their first and only hug of their 25 year cooperation. Maggie noticed this from the corner of her eye and announced it to everyone.

"Guys, look!" she exclaimed.

Everyone noticed and paid nothing but close attention to this emotional scene. When each person saw it, it resulted in a round of applause, which led to the room being filled with clapping and whistling once more.

"For he's a jolly good fellow," sang Andie while still clapping and queuing everyone to join, "for he's a jolly good fellow," everyone sang aloud while still clapping. "For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny. Hooray!"

After they finished singing, Mr. Johnson and Rizzy Roman broke up the hug, and everyone started to pack up.

"Well friends," Mr. Johnson stated, "before you all

go, thank you all for coming to this last day fair, and I hope you all have a good summer!”

“You too Mr. J!” people said in a 5 second time span.

And with that, the final bell rang for the last time of the school year, all the students flocked out in an instant, fleeing as if their lives were at stake. This left Mr. Johnson all by himself in the room he once owned. It was only two minutes after the mass departure that something hit Mr. Johnson; this wasn’t his classroom anymore.

He looked out the window, seeing all the students walking out. He really couldn’t help but feel a sense of numbness in his muscles, and his eyes were turning red, for he was about to tear up. He never really cried before, so this was very much a big deal for the guy. His mind started generating a sad melancholic piano melody, the likes of which were from his specially dedicated musical.

“It’s the end of the year, my dear students, oh my,” he started solemnly and shabbily singing, “time to say goodbye, no need to be shy. From period 4 to 8, we’ve had quite a run. Learning Italian, having all that fun. We’ve laughed and we’ve learned, through the ups and the downs. From the serious lessons to the silly clowning around. The rages, the lessons, the witnessing of the stupidity In my heart, you’ll

always be, never fade away.” He started sobbing more, but kept some solid composure.

“Don’t you forget about me,” he muddled quietly, “in the halls we roamed so free. The laughter, the tears, the moments we shared. Hold on to the times we had. the joy, the love, the good, the bad... Don’t you forget about me, don’t you forget about me.” After singing this somber chorus, he began to delve further in his evermore depressing woes.

“Through the years, you’ve all grown, like a garden in bloom. Every laugh, every cheer, echoes in this room. The helpfulness, the rages, the witnessing of the craziness. Though it’s time for us to part, you’ll stay within my heart. Don’t you forget about me, in the halls we roamed so free. The laughter, the tears, the moments we shared. Hold on to the times we had, the joy, the love, the good, the bad. Don’t you forget about me, don’t you forget about me. As I leave this place, I know, you’ll shine and grow. The lessons learned, the dreams you’ll chase, let your spirits show In your hearts, keep me near, though I’m not here In the memories, we’ll find... the strength to persevere...”

After singing the last word of the song, he lost the will to sing. He went back to his former desk to sit in his former chair, knowing everything that he had just a good few minutes ago was just taken away from him without a care in the world.

“Why did it come to this?” he weeped, head face down on the desk. His tears created a little pond on his former wooden table, clearly tears of what used to be. A minute later, he started to regain composition with himself, trying to hide any of his tears in case anyone asked what was wrong, let alone anyone seeing him.

“It’s time,” he firmly noted to himself, “time to get a move along. If my students can have a good composition and happy-go-lucky appearance, that means I should too. Only now should I learn from them.”

He slowly rose from his chair, trying to feel confident with himself once more. He looked at the classroom mirror for one last time, very willing to hide what had transpired upon him. After a deep look at himself, he felt ready to go out to do the thing he dreaded deep down; go to his car and drive away from Taylor High School forever. He grabbed all of his necessities and took one long and final gaze at the room he treated as his second home.

“So long, THS,” he sighed, his voice still a bit stuttery from earlier, “been a good long run.”

He locked the door for one last time, going down the halls one last time, and on his way to return the teacher key for one last time before he walked out of the premises altogether.

“Howdy, Mr. J,” said the recipient. “Here for

anything?”

“Just here to drop off my teacher’s key,” he somberly sighed, “for I won’t be needing it anymore.”

“And why so?”

“I’m retiring this year.”

“Oh yeah... I forgot about that. Sorry.”

“It’s fine really. Just gotta get used to what’s next.”

“Well good luck with whatever you do Lewis. Thanks for your service.”

“Anytime. Have a good summer.”

“You do the same.”

As Mr. Johnson left the room, he couldn’t help but feel like he lost some power and relevance. The halls he once used to roam felt off, and made him feel like a complete stranger. The bareness didn’t help either. Every classroom he looked at was empty, making him think this was some sort of abandoned school. The lights also turned off on him, implying that the end was really here, especially since he got closer to the front door. There, he looked at the sign that used to greet him for his career:

WELCOME TO TAYLOR HIGH SCHOOL

A PLACE TO BE YOU

FOUNDED 1948

*PLAQUE PLANTED IN 1968 BY PRINCIPAL
SHERIDAN MAINE TRUMAN*

He found himself dazing off, the light at the end of the front door not helping much. The sign itself was

old and rusty, having been placed well before Mr. Johnson, and by the then-principal and William's great-great-grandfather, Sheridan Truman.

"God bless your soul Sheridan," mourned Mr. Johnson, "and may your legacy be remembered in my period 8 Italian class as nothing but a silly joke. Rest in peace, William's great-great-grandfather."

He then went into his pocket and grabbed his car key, being ready to go. There was one last thing he really wanted to do; give the building a hell of a salute, which was what he had done at the beginning and end of every school year during his career. This year, he'd make it extra special by repeating the school poem.

"At Taylor High, we ignite our dreams," he fiercely stated aloud to himself. "In halls of knowledge, where wisdom soars. With hearts united, we aim to soar, Our legacy lives forevermore."

He gave a final salute to the school and proceeded to walk to the faculty lot, where his car had been waiting. As he was walking, he saw the empty parking lot that was once so bustling. He couldn't help but feel unnerved around there, primarily because it just felt a bit eerie, especially with no birds and no wind. The sun shone on his car as if it's a one-way ticket to freedom and or heaven. Hesitant, he finally decided to let go of Taylor High School and pack it up, but not before he heard the

voice of someone he had once known, the voice of a so-called man child. He looked around, originally believing that it was a voice in his head, but wrong he was, for said voice was none other than Georgie Gamaliel Ford.

He was on the sidewalk with the rest of Mr. Johnson's former students, both period 4 and 8. Georgie was able to spot him near his car, the latter looking at them all with a somewhat inviting look.

"It's the man!" Georgie proclaimed after looking for long enough.

"Shut up son," demanded Alex. "It's just a hazy summer day and you're just going crazy."

"No guys, he's right," blurted Bill, pointing at Mr. Johnson's blurted figure. "It is, in fact, the man."

"The hell y'all yapping about?" Tyler beckoned. "Who the hell is the man?"

"Mr. Johnson, you bozo," bullied Amy.

"Wanna visit him guys?" asked Harry.

"Mister Jay!" they all proclaimed unanimously.

Mr. Johnson noticed and heard the cry of his former students, his face turning into a great grin.

"Fellas!" he joyously exclaimed. "How are you all?"

"Buddy, buddy, buddy," bumped Tyler, "it's been only a few minutes since school ended. What are you going on 'bout, huh?"

"Well, I'm just happy to see you guys for one more time," Mr. Johnson replied, "for I was beginning to

miss you all.”

“Us as well,” replied the Fords.

“Say, since we’re all here,” Caroline suggested, “why not take a group photo? Meant to ask that in class but never got around to it.”

Everyone nodded in unanimous agreement to take it, with the thought of preserving a good run in mind. They all huddled around Mr. Johnson, trying to fit into the camera as much as possible while trying to show as much of their gleeful faces as possible. Eventually, William took out his phone to take the picture.

“Everyone on three,” he prompted, “we’ll all say ‘you’re very gay!’ Ok? One. Two. Three.”

“You’re very gay!” everyone stated as they all smiled.

After the picture was taken, they all laughed a bit because of what William suggested, looked at the final result, and were proud of it.

“There’s various roaches in my house and I eat them with a pot and pan,” added William for no reason.

“Say, Mr. J,” beckoned Andie, “where are you going now?”

“To home Andie, where else?”

“I dunno. I thought maybe a diner.”

“I have some important needs to tend to back at home.”

“What do you mean back at home?” Maggie asked curiously. “This town, called the Borough of Taylor in the Skibidi Sigma Kingdom, is your home.”

“Yes Maggie, that is true, but I have other things to do elsewhere.”

“Are you a wizard or something?” randomly asked Schuyler.

“Hell no Schuyler. I’m just a busy person. I have plenty of things to do all around the place, and I must tend to them. Like my pickleball team. That must be attended to. And since I’ve now retired, there’s more time to get more done.”

“Was this forced on you?” asked Caroline.

“Sadly, I didn’t have a choice Carry. I’m at an age where being a teacher is slowly losing its charm, but all that matters is that I did what I set out to do. Some things may be unresolved, but you got what you wanted.”

“So you’re gone forever, and you won’t be coming back?” whimpered Blaine.

“I knew someone was going to ask that. Sadly yes, I won’t be coming back, or at least not for a good while, so no, I’m not gone forever. And if anything, I got something you all could use in a hard time such as now.”

He handed Blaine a piece of paper. It had some words on it.

Miss Mr. Johnson? No fear! Use these!

E-Meet account: Lewis H.B.J

Email: lewishbjohnson@ellettere.org

“It’s for keeping in touch with Big Daddy. I got you all covered.”

People approached Blaine and the paper and took a picture of it so they didn’t have to pass it around.

“Anything else you all need before I go?”

“Yes actually,” spoke Maggie, “and that’s we want you to know how grateful we were to have a teacher like you around. We really hope you go into retirement years knowing this.”

“Believe me Maggie, I knew it all along, still do, and I still will. Anyways, the new life is calling me. Thanks again for so much, and see you next time friends!”

He started up his car, waving at all the students-turned-friends he made.

“Oh, and by the way, you can call me Lewis,” he briefly squeezed before riding down Harrison Street.

For as far as they could see him, they all waved at him. They all said kind things such as ‘come back soon’ and ‘we’ll miss you’, clearly pining for him to return already.

“I guess that’s that’s everyone,” Arthur somberly noted. “No more Mr. Johnson for the rest of the school year.”

“Can we all be glad we even had such a man?”

Gerald added. "I mean, really. He had a kind soul and we took it and enjoyed it."

"And a strong will to teach us all," Marie added, "but the question is... what's next? Who's replacing him? Is there any going back?"

"Hey!" said two unknown voices.

"Guys, look," Amy declared, knowing who it was after looking right behind him first. It was only Mrs. Fillmore and Long Snake Drake.

"Hey all," said the former, "been looking for y'all."

"And we found you," added Drake, "so let's get freaky."

"Don't listen to him. Anyways, I came out here to tell you all something."

"Wait.. what is it?"

"Don't spoil a bad mood Mrs. Fillmore," whimpered Maggie. "We lost Mr. Big Daddy Johnson."

"You might've lost him," Mrs. Fillmore lectured, "but you should be happy with what you have witnessed. This is essentially his final lesson to all of you, which is to cherish what you have. I know he said this, but you guys made his life great, and I'm sure it's just the same for you. Speaking of which, this is my first lesson of many."

"First lesson?" randomly asked Maggie.

"Well... let's just say Rizzy Roman promoted me from a substitute teacher to a full-time teacher."

"What do you teach, Mrs. Fillmore?" asked Arthur

excitingly.

"I'm now teaching Italian on all levels, and y'know what that means... I'm Mr. Johnson's replacement. Now before you all question it, let me speak for a minute. I may not be the teacher that Mr. Johnson was to you, but hey, I've put up with all of you long enough to actually have some kind of grasp on the daily academic life of you guys, and I feel like I'm ready to take it on full time. I hope you accept this new fate starting next year."

"You may not be Mr. Johnson," Maggie humbly added, "but you're as close to him as we're ever going to get moving forward. We're all looking forward to having you next year and we're also happy that a piece of our beloved Mr. Johnson is still around in some way. We're honored to have you with us."

"Well what do you say friends? Want to start a new beginning?"

"Fillmore! Fillmore!" Everyone chanted at once.

"Fantastic! Let's head to the diner to honor past and present."

And so, continuing their wonderful chant, they followed the lead of their new teacher and friend, looking forward to what's next. While they were doing this, the original award show hosts discussed what was going on.

"Will this be good, Andie?" asked Maggie.

"Look around you, Mags. All that is my answer,"

stubbornly replied Andie. “If you don’t get it, of course it’ll be good. And believe me, I know the departure of Mr. Johnson is saddening for you as it is for me and everyone else, but hey, we still have each other, and that’s what matters most. As Mrs. Fillmore said, Johnson’s last lesson was to cherish what we have now.”

“This world will be different without him, but Mrs. Fillmore will do. I love you Andie Wandie, my slay queen pookie bear.”

“Same here Mag B. You shall slay forever, as Mr. J would say.”

The two nuzzled against each other, their ears being pounded by the Fillmore chant. They held hands and continued to walk down to the town diner, very excited for what was to come.

Epilogue: Quayle

The class settled into their favorite booth, the one they had claimed as their own during countless lunch breaks. Mrs. Fillmore, now their new Italian teacher, joined them, bringing with her a sense of continuity and hope. As they were eating their meals, the conversation naturally shifted to Mr. Johnson.

“Remember the time he taught us Italian gestures instead of grammar?” Alex reminisced, laughing.

“Yeah, and how he made us cook authentic Italian dishes for our final project,” Amy added, smiling.

Mrs. Fillmore listened intently, appreciating the legacy she was now a part of.

“Mr. Johnson may have left, but his spirit lives on in all of us,” she said warmly as she stood up to address the group.

“I want you all to know how proud I am to be stepping into Mr. Johnson’s shoes,” she began. “This is not just the end of an era, but the start of a new one. Together, we will create our own memories

and continue the traditions he started.”

“To Mr. Johnson!” they all echoed.

Shortly after everyone went home with their parents, Mrs. Fillmore was now all by herself. She went up to the window to which her new classroom was and saw a framed picture of Mr. Johnson on the desk that he once had.

“I’ll make you proud, Great Daddy,” she murmured, “so don’t you worry.”

She went to her car in the faculty parking lot and drove off. After she did, the framed picture of Mr. Johnson shone very brightly in the sun, the brightest the picture had ever been. The wind rustled as the window was open, allowing for a nice cold breeze to make its way in the room whilst the birds chirped outside. The class stood still, reminiscing on what had been something great to be molded into the future for Mrs. Fillmore to take care of.

Afterword

After all was said and done. After it all came to an end.

The period 8 Italian world was coming to a close. With a new beginning around the bend.

Everything that happened led up to this. It was a wild day for that class.

Everyone loved what they saw. It was something that could and can definitely kick ass.

It will go down in history. For all to be reminiscing.

And there was one good part about it. No one was missing.

And it felt as if the world was complete. As if time paused for a minute.

We all felt like it was a wedding for stupidity.

It's sad that Mr. Johnson left. He gave us quite a show.

This is something that we'll forever know. The legacy he had will still glow.

There was so much to see and do. Being bored

was not an option.

Everything felt so raw and original. Was actually very common.

We were fortunate enough to have someone who cared. A legacy which could be continued for free.

We were under new guidance. It's like the world heard our holy plea.

We carried on with legacy in mind. As the past, present, and future collided.

And with that, everyone lived happily ever after.

-Artie Mondale

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-Artie Mondale